THE COMMONWEAL

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THE ANONYMOUS INQUISITOR

AMONG the great books that remain to be written, one is surely a treatise on the function of criticism inside the Church. Saint Paul represents perennially one type of critic; Tertullian is a good example of the other type. Every phase of ecclesiastical history reveals its own especial variety of concern with laxities or imperfections held to be rampant in the City of God. In dealing with them one must, of course, bear in mind the norms and functions of true criticism. The reason why the Church listened reverently to Saint Bernard and cast off Arius is, after all, not very different from the reason why literature respects Doctor Johnson and has forgotten all about Robert Dennis. This consciousness of standards becomes especially valuable when the critic of Catholic life is a priest. Dedicated and consecrated in a very august and direct way to the work of the Church, the priest confronts problems and meets conditions in a manner peculiarly his own. And when it happens that he is unsettled by temperament or experience, he not infrequently sees the world entirely aloof from perspective, quite in the same way as an unsuccessful husband views the domestic circle through a species of grotesque prism. He becomes entirely unfitted for criticism. His words take on a kind of neurotic emphasis and his generalizations grown into volcanic explosions.

Catholic America is listening to such criticism as expounded by an anonymous inquisitor from the forum of the Atlantic Monthly. We are willing to concede, for the time being, that the credentials of the critic are authentic. His statements are festooned with earmarks which ally him with the Père Hyacinthes of all time. It is certainly a testimonial to the healthfulness and sobriety of the clergy in the United States that such individuals have been very rare among us. Indeed the feverish condition of political opinion in 1928 is probably responsible for the fact that he happens to come forward at this time. One has only to read the introduction to the current attack upon the parochial school system to see that this priest is no critic. There one confronts the huge generalization that this system is "probably the most destructive influence the Church has ever experienced." Such a mouthful would seem to call for a lot of chewing. But all that one gets by way of proof is a mass of eccentric guesses. The people resent the burden of financing private schools. Female piety "is too sweet for manly youths." If (this "if" is characteristic) statistics were at hand, "it would undoubtedly be found that the losses of the Catholic Church in America increase in direct ratio to the multiplication of Catholic schools." As many criminals are emanating from the Catholic

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schools as from the public schools. And so on. A host of statements which are not verified, which cannot be verified, which the critic in question has spun out of his own troubled brain. It seems incredible that a man as sane and competent as Mr. Ellery Sedgwick should fall for this amalgam of nonsense and speculation.

Well, very probably he was impressed by the fact that these articles really are critical. They seem to be exercising a function which a large number of people feel is tabu inside the Catholic Church. It may be confessed that criticism is not a recipe for popularity; that Americans generally tend to resent it deeply; and that Catholics here, accustomed as they have been to ward off all sorts of ignorant attacks from without, are inclined to view the critic who arises in their midst as one giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Yet in spite of these circumstances, which have their origin in the past, a critical movement destined to accomplish a great deal of good has been in process of development. One can see it to better advantage nowhere else than precisely in the domain of what is termed parochial education. No Catholic familiar with the situation would, of course, mutter the absurdities of the Atlantic Monthly article. He knows that to a constantly increasing extent the religious school is being regarded as an instrument of social salvage. Its guiding principle now is that nothing else can offset so well the deleterious influences of the "street" as an environment in which right living in accordance with the dictates of religion is advocated by doctrine and example. The child is not being "segregated" in the sense that contact with the world at large is cut off; it is being "guided" in the same way as such movements as scouting afford guidance, though with what Catholics believe are superior means. And one ventures to lay down as an indefectible generalization that if the parochial school fails in carrying out its mission, the reason will be not an incorrect general purpose but the lack of proper means and methods.

Therefore Catholic critics of education have frankly paid a great deal of attention to these means and methods. When the Reverend James Burns, C.S.C., had given years of study to religious training in this country, he arrived at the conclusion that "great teachers, and great teachers only" would prove the recipe for advancement. His statement has been so widely repeated and discussed, particularly in so far as the teaching of religion itself is concerned, that one may safely write it down as the major contemporary educational problem. A recently published study—the Reverend Sylvester Schmitz's The Adjustment of Teacher Training to Modern Educational Needs—is an analysis of how to secure the right kind of teachers. In accordance with all the able Catholic students of the situation, he is outspokenly critical of much that is being done. "The fact that nearly one-half of the teachers of religion are employing the catechism method would seem," he says, "to nullify what Foerster calls the 'psychology and pedagogy which lie behind the Catholic system.'" He knows, as we all know, that some of the individuals now teaching this and kindred subjects are poorly trained for their work. Dr. Pace may have been giving for years an excellent course on "How Christ taught religion," but far too few ever get a chance to hear Dr. Pace or to familiarize themselves with his views. All this and much else besides is so constantly talked about that one fancies that a man who seems never to have detected a whisper of it must be very deaf, indeed.

Great teachers! The writer knows from personal experience that many of the sisters now laboring in the class-rooms are not merely "pious women" but excellent instructors as well. He has had occasion to discern the influence of their teaching upon boys and girls, and to notice how affectionately and gratefully her pupils looked back to her after years had passed. But it is inevitably true that not every sister, or every lay Catholic instructor, is a good and adequately prepared teacher. Can anyone be so naïve as to believe that any school system has a perfect staff, or as good a staff as it is humanly possible to get? The Catholic class-room has the magnificent advantage of idealism. Those who minister to it are "life workers" animated by lofty purposes. Nevertheless this idealism is, to some extent, the actual source of several weaknesses in the parochial system. It can be squeezed dry. It can be and is made to carry a larger burden than it is competent to carry. It can be harnessed so that the men and women animated by it are left without opportunities for advancement and recuperation. For instance: during recent years the demand for religious teachers has increased much faster than the supply; and lack of training has been compensated for through attendance at summer and extension schools, with results which Father Schmitz summarizes as extremely dangerous to health and efficiency. One welcomes, therefore, the recent decision of a superior to give the men under him a year of leave out of every ten, so that they may improve and refresh themselves for a work that is always exacting, important and dependent upon ability. And one hopes that something similar will be done for every brother and every nun throughout this land.

For it is the value of our earnest and sane criticisms of Catholic schools by genuine educators that on the one hand we are becoming more conscious of the value and possibilities of these schools, while on the other we are beginning to realize that the whole issue depends upon quality rather than quantity. A bright new building which is manned by a few overworked and pitifully undeveloped teachers, is simply evidence that somebody has put faith in bricks and mortar. That is always dangerous. It is particularly ominous, however, in the realm of a faith not of this world. In so far, therefore, as criticism is a reaffirmation of human and spiritual values it is legitimate, salutary, even indispensable. The current anonymous inquisiting in the Atlantic is, however, deplorable.

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WEEK BY WEEK

SO MUCH attention has been given by the press and by various civic organizations to what The Commonweal has said by way of comment on the Mexican situation that we are not yet in a position to estimate the force of the reaction. In publishing the correspondence exchanged by Michael Williams and George Bernard Shaw, we were guided by the conviction that a great many Americans of influence would arrive at and stand by similar conclusions once they had seen the evidence accumulated during months of what we here term the Mexican persecution. Today we know that this conviction was justified. It must suffice for the present to call attention to the lengthy and interesting editorial which appears in the Christian Register for February 8. "We have a sense of justice for all and for all alike," says the writer, "which would motivate us in this case, and we would not, in the quest of the truth, show the least untoward disposition for Mexico, including its government and those in authority." He then refers to what has been accomplished in sending a commission to Roumania, where representatives of five Christian denominations and of the Jewish creed succeeded in investigating "outrages and even atrocities." Is there not every reason to believe, he argues, that a similar commission could look into the matter and use its good offices in effecting such betterment as might be possible?

WE HASTEN to remark that the "commission" proposed by The Commonweal was conceived of as being different in character from the body which traveled to Roumania. It seems wholly futile to send investigators to Mexico at this time, when the political status of the government is so directly involved and when the machinery needed for conducting any kind of worth while examination is non-existent. What we want is rather an investigating body, comprised of men about whose impartiality and whose loyalty to principle there is no question, which will sit down right here in the United States and examine the whole situation. There are available a plethora of witnesses who have seen a great deal as journalists, diplomatic officials or students of affairs; and it would be easy to invite representatives of the Calles point of view and of the Catholic Church. Listening to all these, the body proposed could formulate and present to the people of the United States that kind of evidence which seems to us of such basic importance. The United States cannot use force in Mexico to end persecution; it cannot, perhaps, even officially compel President Calles to sign a treaty to ensure religious toleration. But as a people we can use the invaluable instrument of opinion, once we know what the facts in the case are. These facts are not known; agencies whose business it is to gather them tell you they cannot be known. What is needed, therefore, is a body, a force, which will educate the citizens of this country regarding a situation in which both Christianity and civilization are at stake. We feel that this need can be met. Regarding the how and why, we shall have more to say later on.

ANNOUNCEMENT that the French government, acting in agreement with the Allies participating in the occupation of the Rhineland, will shortly withdraw a further contingent of 10,000 soldiers, is a source of satisfaction to all who pray for peace. Still more satisfactory is the spirit in which proposals for the recall of all French troops in the occupied territory have been received. In spite of the shrieks of alarmists and the wails of those whose very warnings are whispers of war, the arguments of the German Foreign Minister are no stronger than, if as strong as, some of those advanced by clear-thinking Frenchmen prominent in public life. For example, when Senator Lemery discussed the question of Franco-German relations, his fellow-Senators greeted with murmurs of approval his declaration that evacuation was the only sure way of making these relations an active force for peace in the whole world instead of an active danger to all peace plans. That was the pronouncement of a statesman, and it is encouraging to learn that no mere politician was able to detract from the impression which it created. The Senator could not have found a phrase which would have more succinctly presented the situation not only to his fellow-countrymen, but to the whole world. The continued occupation of the Rhineland may or may not be an injustice; but that it is a hindrance and even a menace to real peace, and a challenge to the letter as well as the spirit of the Locarno compact, no thinking man will deny.

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AS Foreign Minister Stresemann pointed out in his recent speech, no stronger formula for assuring peace between neighboring countries could possibly be devised than that accepted at Locarno. The most definite obligations were assumed by both nations to forego all aggressive action against each other. Either this agreement is binding or it is not. But if it is not, why talk of further agreements or new treaties? Treaty-making is simply a waste of time and conferences are merely gestures and a waste of money, if the strongest formula they can produce has no binding effect. Everywhere in Europe are rumors of possible war, and always these have their origin in the predication that neither France nor Germany honestly desires peace. The straightforward speech of Herr Stresemann in the Reichstag, the clear and courageous response in the French Senate and the announcement that more troops are to be withdrawn from the Rhineland, may not lay these rumors, but they will do much to give them their proper proportion as the imaginings of the selfish and the ambitious who have not sufficient vision to comprehend what Locarno meant to the future of European civilization.

DURING recent weeks both Mr. Owen D. Young and Mr. Samuel Vauclain, two business men of the highest intelligence and repute, have endorsed what we here have termed the "security wage"—that is, a payment in return for work which will make possible a margin of expenditures over and above the essential requisites for existence. There is good reason to believe that such a conception is gaining ground in what are termed "capitalistic" circles, and one hopes the progress will be determined and continuous. But a vast gulf extends from this recipe of good-will and sturdy sense to what has been happening in the bituminous coal fields, particularly in Pennsylvania. Full light on the horrors of the situation round about Pittsburgh has been shut off, primarily by a cordon of police whom the same operators who broke the Jacksonville Agreement, solemnly entered into with the miners, have maintained with the direct assistance of the state. What is the average citizen to think when Senator Hiram Johnson, with a courage that somebody should have been animated with a month ago, rises to demand a Senate investigation, and reads a letter from ex-Governor Pinchot declaring that 2,000 coal mine policemen were "gunmen, thugs, felons, professional trouble-makers and other undesirables"? Since the present relentless and futile war started, the whole industry has come to resemble nothing so much as a slag-heap. The miners have suffered beyond what one normally thinks of as being possible in the United States, and the end is not yet.

IT IS not correct, of course, to view the bituminous coal industry as an enterprise that stands entirely apart from other business. Demand, transportation costs and technical improvements influence it most considerably, so that some variety of labor problem is almost unavoidable. In this connection one notes the circumstance that widespread complaints about the scarcity of jobs are amply borne out by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Carefully compiled figures indicate that since 1925 the index of factory production has never fallen below 6 percent above par, but that employment has fallen 8 percent below par. The automobile industry, in which the ratio of production and employment is nearly always favorable to the second, is to some extent responsible for the situation. But railroading, iron mining, agriculture and several other industries display a tendency to maintain or even to increase output with curtailed forces. The explanation is, of course, technical improvement, which the development of electrical power has of late greatly accentuated. A serious business slump, which is conceivable if the demand for building should slow down or if foreign credits should falter, would render the situation extremely serious. We are, therefore, skirting another critical moment in the continuous debate between prices and production. How to lower the first while stimulating the second is the supreme American economic problem.

IF GOVERNOR RITCHIE of Maryland keeps up his good work, he will some day succeed in reminding his fellow-citizens of the fact that there is really such a thing as government. He spoke again the other night in Brooklyn, and declared that "the living, breathing political issue today is the right of the states and the people of the states to settle their home affairs at home, and not be deprived of that right by the federal government." The point is not so much a question of choosing between state and national government as it is of choosing between a kind of government that will work and one that will not. Representation is all right so long as the power is delegated to a person over whom one can exercise some control. Not that the congressman or senator must respond to every whim of a supposed majority: but he must speak in a pulpit within view of the congregation. How impossible it is to settle what should be matters of local conduct in the spirit of national party policy has long since been proved. No event has contributed so directly to this demonstration, Governor Ritchie correctly believes, as the adventure of prohibition. Here the federal government undertook to accomplish a task which can be performed satisfactorily, in the final analysis, only by the village constable. The sooner this constable gets back his rights and obligations, the sooner will the nation rid itself of what are truly nothing more than ridiculous and burdensome chores.

AT A time when responsible and high-class magazines are opening their columns to every critic of the Catholic Church, known or unknown, informed or ignorant, it is important that the matter of the relationship of the American Catholic to his Church and to his country should be presented fairly, and, above all,

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entirely. It is not sufficient that some specific, if stupid, charge should be met and refuted: the whole topic should be canvassed frankly, history should be invoked to throw light from the past upon the present. Above all, such a presentation should be made in a manner which shall ensure wide circulation among Catholics as well as non-Catholics in all parts of the United States. Congratulations, therefore, to the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which is syndicating to thirty-seven papers a long series of articles by Dr. Peter Guilday on The Catholic Question in the United States. These studies by the most authoritative historian of the Church in America show what Catholics have done for their country from the time of its founding until the present. The facts are given calmly and dispassionately: fuller knowledge of them is needed by many in the Church, wider knowledge of them should remove misunderstanding among those outside the Church.

ONE year ago, Francisco Caruso, an Italian immigrant, was arraigned on a charge of murder. He had killed a physician who had administered antitoxin to one of Caruso's children, the latter's subsequent death being attributed by the crazed parent to poison. Dazed and dumb, the unfortunate prisoner listened to the reading of a charge which he did not understand in a language of which he did not comprehend ten words and to which he was utterly incapable of pleading. In time he was brought to trial, found guilty and condemned to death. But after he had spent eight months in the death house at Sing Sing prison, the Court of Appeals reversed the conviction and ordered a new trial. To this there came a defendant entirely changed. In the intervening months he had learned to read and speak English, and with understanding of the country's language had come fuller comprehension of the nature and quality of the act he had committed. The Court of Appeals had rightly held that the killing had not been premeditated. It had not been, but with knowledge of what the slain man had tried unsuccessfully to accomplish for the child and for him had come sincere contrition on the part of the slayer and readiness to accept adequate punishment. He pleaded guilty to a charge of manslaughter in the first degree. The whole tragic chapter should serve as spur to those who are giving freely of their time and often of their money for the education of the newcomers to America.

INTEREST in modern Irish drama, quickened by the visit of the Irish Players, should be increased and intensified by the action of the School of Irish Studies of Fordham University in offering a course of extension lectures on Irish subjects, with particular reference to recent literary developments in that country. Ernest Boyd, author of Ireland's Literary Renaissance, inaugurated the series on February 5 with a discussion of The New Realism in Ireland, which was followed by a reception to the Irish Players. On February 26, Professor Cornelius Weygandt of the University of Pennsylvania, author of Irish Plays and Playwrights, will lecture on The Irish Renaissance as Seen from America. Three other well-known lecturers will fill dates during the term which ends on May 26. All of the lectures will be given in the new biology building of the University. The course is another evidence of the excellent work being done by the School of Irish Studies in compelling the attention of all interested in literary developments to the achievements of a group of brilliant Irish poets and playwrights.

THE literary activity of Catholic France continues at a steady pace, with the result that more and more of contemporary life is envisaged by it. Gradually also the spirit of coöperation typified by the "Literary Week" at which writers and thinkers meet to discuss problems of common interest has taken root and flourished. This year the discussion grew up around the serious general theme of the pacification and unification of Europe. Nationalism and church union were the subjects of addresses by such men as Maurice Vaussard and Father C. C. Martindale, who had come from England to attend the session. Even more important, it seems to us, was the analysis of the significance of the Papacy as a power working for peace, offered by the well-known jurist, Professor Le Fur. He outlined a historical picture of the greatest interest to all concerned with the major contemporary problem. When one remembers that the men who listened to and debated the conclusions thus brought forward are writers, thinkers and journalists of the most real eminence—are, in short, genuinely makers of French public opinion—the significance of the "Literary Week" becomes wholly apparent. We think it means that Catholic Gaul is once more ridding itself of purely individualistic conceptions and becoming, what it so often has been in the past, the rotunda in which the saving words of the Church are echoed and reëchoed until all men hear.

WE FULLY agree with the Christian Science Monitor that the New York Herald Tribune and the Washington Star performed a public service by their refusal to ignore all rules of good taste and common decency in reporting the climax of a notorious murder case. On every side disgust was voiced at the manner in which sensational sheets projected the most revolting details of the sequel to a sordid crime. Senator Walter E. Edge, who was brought up in the newspaper business, in writing to that journal in praise of its stand, declared that the effect of these lurid descriptions and illustrations was an apparent increase in criminal tendencies. The commission of other revolting crimes while still the ink was wet on the "death-story extras" proved that this was no over-statement. As is always the case under circumstances such as these, there has been a revival of the cry for newspaper censorship. The best censors of the press are enlightened editors

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such as those who direct the Herald Tribune and the Star. That all that is needed in the fight against an indecent press is leadership, but leadership provided by newspapermen themselves from their own ranks, has always been our conviction. We are confirmed in that conviction when we see the action of influential newspapers such as the Herald Tribune and the Star quickly followed by an editorial of approval so sensible as that in the Christian Science Monitor and hear report from the president of the Kentucky Press Association that 90 percent of the weekly newspapers of that state are printing no crime news and that in all offices where such topics are treated at all, the details are being steadily minimized.

THE morsel of Coolidge advice to the press which seems to have stuck most firmly in the newspaper craw is the reference to influence wielded by "foreign interests." After saying that relations between this country and other lands are supposed to be open and official, the President declared: "Whenever any of the press of our country undertake to exert their influence in behalf of foreign interests, the candor of the situation would be greatly increased if the foreign connections were publicly disclosed." To our mind, these are words of wisdom. They should not, of course, be taken to imply that the President is advancing a charge of unpatriotic motivation against the major journals of opinion. But everybody realizes that not only have "foreign investments" actually controlled the policies of large and important newspapers, but that holdings in lands like Mexico and China still do color what is said editorially in many places regarding events in those countries. Beyond that one comes to the "personal representative" or "liaison officer" whose business it is to state the point of view of his country or concern in such a way that it will get publicity and mold opinion. It would be futile to deny the wholesale existence of such "representatives" and "officers." And surely we should all be better off if the business were conducted in the open, so that everybody could ascertain the drift and be governed accordingly.

SIGNATURES were appended to the new arbitration treaty with France on the anniversary of the signing of that treaty of alliance which meant so much to the patriots of our Revolutionary era. As a result there was plenty of that commodity known as international friendship and more of what statesmen refer to as "hope." The practical meaning of the new agreement is, of course, not very great. Apart from a change in the preamble regarding the ultimate relationships to which both countries aspire, the document is very like the one to which Mr. Elihu Root appended his name. Now the interest of all lies in seeing how much can be done to bring the notes which have been exchanged between Secretary Kellogg and M. Briand to some kind of fortunate and practicable conclusion. Here once again watchful waiting is in order.

LOOKING WITHIN

WHAT is the cause of the unpopularity of the United States in foreign countries and especially in the countries of Europe? It is easy to say that the root cause of dislike so frequently manifested is envy, that our unique position as the nation almost in a class by itself when considered in terms of material success, has engendered greed and covetousness abroad. To a certain extent, the answer is correct—but only to a certain extent. If this is all we see, we are not seeing ourselves whole, as others see us. Of the many books recently written by foreigners to explain the United States to the world, the most careful, the most discerning and by long odds the most sympathetic and illuminating is M. André Siegfried's America Comes of Age. The distinguished French sociologist, who has lived for quite long periods in nearly every section of the United States, realizes that by instinct we are a nation of idealists. But in the rush of American life, in the struggle of the steady stream of newcomers to establish themselves in material prosperity, ideals are abandoned. Sometimes, however, the shell of sentimentality encases the former idealist and when the catch-words of idealism continue to roll from his lips, he cannot understand why foreigners do not take him for what he would like to be if business were not business.

It is unfortunate that those in this country who would show Americans to Americans have the fault of not seeing the whole American. For example, the Americana which Mr. Mencken submits every month that many may chortle and a few may lament, may have its uses, but among these is not the disclosure of America as a whole—although many foreigners may so regard it. It is rather part of what a recent critic of the editor of the American Mercury has described as his "intellectual vaudeville."

Professor Irving Babbitt, who discusses Mr. Mencken and those interpreters of America and American ideals of whom he is the high priest, in an article in the February issue of the Forum entitled The Critic and American Life, believes that the only way to escape from the unduly complacent cynicism of this school is once more to reaffirm the truths of the inner life. "The Christian," he says, "is conscious above all of the 'old Adam' in himself: hence his humility. The effect of Mr. Mencken's writing, on the other hand, is to produce pride rather than humility, a pride ultimately based on flattery. The reader, especially the young and callow reader, identifies himself imaginatively with Mr. Mencken and conceives of himself as a sort of morose and sardonic divinity surveying from some superior altitude an immeasurable expanse of 'boobs.' This attitude will not seem especially novel to anyone who has traced the modern movements."

It will not; but at the same time those who have followed this modern movement in which self-expression is exalted the while self-examination and self-

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communing are scorned, must admit with sorrow that if the last edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica has seen fit to label Mr. Mencken "the greatest critical force in America," foreigners have at least some excuse for picturing us as a nation, not only of materialists, but of hypocrites.

The issue on which all other issues hinge, as Professor Babbitt points out, is that of moral freedom, for until it is decided whether man is a responsible agent or only the plaything of his impulses and impressions, nothing is decided; and to decide this question under existing circumstances calls for the keenest critical discrimination.

Certainly such critical discrimination is necessary if we are to cling to that consciousness which M. Siegfried finds general in America, and which he regards as very dangerous under existing circumstances—the consciousness of our "duties to all humanity."

SMITH AND VARE

CAUTION, undoubtedly the permanent and most prominent characteristic of the United States Senate, was never better exemplified than in its treatment of the cases of Smith and Vare. If there were a secret ballot, no doubt both men would get the seats to which the people of Illinois and Pennsylvania elected them. The ghosts of Lorimer and Newberry, the defeat of the Senators tainted by "Lorimerism" and "Newberryism," have again proved the Senate wary. It is true that the resentment of the voters in those two states, who elected Smith and Vare with full knowledge of all that was charged against them, will make Illinois doubtful in the coming election and heavily decrease the Republican majority in Pennsylvania, besides increasing the Democratic vote from the latter state in the House of Representatives, but all the Senators are looking for is to ensure their own safety whatever may happen to their own party.

Both cases, though differing in detail, may be easily summed up. Smith, running for the Senate, received large campaign contributions, the largest of which came from Samuel Insull, a public utilities monopolist. He ought not to have taken them. The fact that Insull, as is the wont of his tribe, contributed also to the Democratic fund does not lessen the impropriety of Smith's course. It was made worse by the fact that Smith held a state office in which, if he were a dishonorable man, Insull's contribution might conceivably sway his mind favorably to Insull. The matter was the main issue in the campaign, and an independent Republican, running as a third party candidate, made it his sole ground for appealing to the voters.

The people of Illinois, with this issue before them, decided that there was nothing in it, and in spite of the split-up condition of the Republican party in their state, elected Smith decisively over Brennan, the Democratic candidate, and the independent Republican nominee. Their judgment was mature and considered, and rendered with all the facts before them. It might be added, though it is really of no consequence, that though Smith did not say so, his friends alleged that he was not under Insull's influence, and that in the state office he held his decisions were generally against Insull.

In Vare's case there were no such complications. A great deal of money was spent in Pennsylvania. More was spent by Vare's opponents, who wanted Senator Pepper nominated, than was expended in his behalf. Pennsylvania is a populous and diversified state, and nobody is ever elected there without the spending of a great deal of money for what they call "literature," printing, mass-meetings, hall-hiring from Scranton to Chester, and all the innumerable items that run up into the thousands or millions. There may be, and very likely is, bribery there too. At any rate, the money spent for Pepper was of no avail, and Vare got the nomination, which in Pennsylvania is equivalent to an election.

In the comments, which on the part of the responsible newspapers have been sober and thoughtful, the emphasis on the Senate's refusal to heed the will of the voters has been based on the danger of creating a precedent whereby in future a passion-ridden majority may deny a man a place because of his religion, his economic views or the color of his hair. The framers of the constitution dreamed of no such possibility. But there is another consideration, which is the setting up of a standard of morals to be fixed by a majority, and not merely a standard of morals but a standard of taste. Smith was guilty, certainly, of bad taste; Vare may have been guilty of it too by the pure morals of Utah, but not by those of Pennsylvania. The Senators voted that Smith was not good enough to sit in their sanctum because of his bad taste, not fit to touch the hem of the garments made sacred by Quays and Platts. Taste, and if you like the word, morals, to be fixed by a majority vote, are henceforth the rule of admission to the Senate, not the decision, tastefully accurate or not, of the voters. Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Pinckney and the rest, thought they were creating an engine whereby each state, deciding as it chose, should have two Senators. The Senate decides that if the voters elect a man or men of bad taste—or, if you like, bad morals—the state shall be disfranchised in the Senate, and that the censorship of their taste or morals shall rest not with the people but with the Senate. If it can exclude one Senator from a state, it can exclude both, and some time disfranchise the state altogether; for who is to pass on the delicate question of an elected man's purity of conscience but the majority of the Senate, a majority itself always pure in deed and even in thought?

Meanwhile the Senate has made Illinois doubtful and very likely Democratic, and Pennsylvania sullen, apathetic and inclined to increase the Democratic vote. But what care the Senators? They have paid the premiums on their own policies.

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PRAYER FOR A MAN WRITING A BOOK

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MY DEAR MENCKEN:—Having returned from nine o'clock Mass (I should have gone at eight, but I was lazy) and having plowed through the Sunday papers, the head-lines anyhow, clipping here and there, I now should tackle an article ordered for delivery this week, for Sundays give me the only time I can spare from my regular duties for such jobs. But instead I'm writing to you. Why? Because one of my clippings is the postcript to your syndicated article in the World, Hiring a Hall, which tells your readers that you are suspending this series, hoping to resume it at some time in the future, "but of such things no man can be certain in a world of change." You are going on furlough to write a book, and you will "be grateful to any persons who may be moved to assist the business with their prayers." Prepare, then, to be grateful to me; this letter is a prayer.

For today, when your plea is printed, happens to be not only the fourth Sunday after The Epiphany, but also the Feast of Saint Francis of Sales, bishop, confessor and Doctor of the Church; also a great journalist in his own day, and now, by recent decrees of Senator Heflin's friend, the Pope, the universal patron saint of the press. A writer asking for prayers today is as certain of being answered as a man praying for rain in London or Seattle: the Powers are with him beforehand. Moreover, Saint Francis of Sales is particularly interested in heretics. However, just to make things triply sure, in addition to Saint Francis, I'm recommending your "intention"—as we Papists say—to a few other saints who also were writers—Augustine, Thomas Aquinas and Blessed Robert Bellarmine, let us say. All these saints were, like you, great controversialists; in addition, Augustine was keenly concerned about the preservation of a threatened civilization, and so are you; Thomas Aquinas used as few men have done the powers of his intellect in dealing with the mysteries of life, and you, too, do your best to work in that fashion; Bellarmine was immensely interested in democracy, and so are you.

Of course, if there are striking similarities between you and these saints, it might also be added that there are a few differences as well. It is likely, for example—perhaps even more than likely—that you will not agree with many of the guiding principles of Francis of Sales, quite apart from his religious views. "If we must fall into some excess," he used to say, "let it be on the side of gentleness." Another of his maxims would scarcely be appropriate as a motto for the Mercury, namely, "What is good makes no noise; noise does no good." Similar sentiments were subscribed to by the other saints of the pen I have mentioned. Their strange belief seemed to be that first of all they must understand their adversaries and then in dealing with them depend upon the superiority of their own reasoning powers, and of the wisdom which enlightened those powers. Yes, there are indeed differences as well as similarities between you and the saints under whose patronage I have ventured to place your new book, but let those go; the main thing, so far as this bit of prayer for you is concerned, is that these saints were most effective writers, and you are another; they were enormously interested in civilization, democracy and reason, and you are, too; and, now, since like a good and humble Christian you very properly have begged publicly for prayers for aid in writing a book, undoubtedly you will be aided. In fact, even if you had not prayed, you would still have felt their influence; you could not escape it, for these men, and a host of others of the glorious brotherhood of the saints who were writers have so created or shaped or marked or deflected or determined the great currents of ideas and philosophies amid the conflicts of which today we all are living and struggling that their spirit will enter into your new book no matter if you have never heard of them or read them, prayed to them or denied them.

I will try to make my point clear—for a prayer without a point is like an arrow without a barb; it may hit the mark but will not penetrate it; in other words, it will be a dud.

First, then, I think I already know a good deal about the new book which you are going to write, and which I am going to read (provided you live to write it and I to read it, "but of such things," as you say yourself, "no man can be certain in a world of change.") It will be what you have always been writing. I cannot say that I am a complete Menckenite; but I have read a great deal of you, and it was and is all of a piece; no writer today is more integrally individual than you. The article of which your appeal for prayers is the postscript in today's World (simultaneously appearing in some scores of other papers) will do almost as well as any other page of your one, unending essay to illustrate what I mean. This article indeed might well serve as the preface to the new book you are going to write. For it contains, expressed or suggested, the Menckenian credo, the dogmas of your doctrine.

Go Into Business to Be a Great Man in America is its title and its subject. One of your multitudinous readers having asked you for advice about what he ought to do with his four sons, you, like the really kind and generous soul you are, and very practically, tell him you think he ought to train them all for business. Incidentally, you prove how good a business man you are yourself by turning your letter of advice

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into an article: but that's all right—as I feel obliged to acknowledge since I am doing the same thing with this prayer for you, hoping that it may be even partly as entertaining as your advice to the puzzled father. It is when you back up your advice with the reasons for it that you give so many of the dogmas on which all your work is built. Stating them, ever so less strikingly than you do yourself) as they are discovered to me after prayerful meditation on your words, they run somewhat as follows:

Material success, to be measured in dollars and cents, with the personal, social, and political power secured by wealth, is the true god of these United States. "Business is the national art of the American people, and not only the national art but also the national delight and passion." The real national heroes or demi-gods are such vastly successful business men as Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller and the late Judge Elbert H. Gary. The influence and fame even of a Lindbergh are evanescent compared to the permanent celebrity and power won by the Mellons, the Schwabs, etc. This almost religious reverence, even worship, of wealth and the power that goes with it may be common throughout the world, but in no land does it run to such lengths as in the United States. Similarly, nowhere does political corruption and stupidity flourish so rankly as in this country. Its so-called democracy is a sham; but as for that, even if it were genuinely in effect, matters would be worse. Civilization, therefore, does not exist, save as a private cult, worked for but not yet achieved, by an exceedingly small minority of intellectual free spirits and aristocrats, whose consolation comes through the fun afforded by viewing and laughing at the grotesque American scene. Even the artists most loudly alleging that they have renounced the worship of money violently yearn for it. For "they, too, are Americans." They cannot escape the fundamental ideas of their country.

So far the dogmas as revealed by the article in the World. Drawing from my memory of many other essays and articles, I add one more out of many, many others, namely that religion is a superstition only important in so far as it makes itself a nuisance to intelligent people; therefore, not only can it not help to destroy the modern worship of mammon, and be of service in constructing a civilization worthy of the respect of modern minds, but it is actually servile to mammon and one of the things for which civilization can have no place.

I hope I have not misrepresented you in this last article of your creed, particularly when I am praying for you as hard as I can under the patronage of Francis, Augustine, Thomas and Robert Bellarmine: men who always were at such pains to understand the people they wrote about. Correct me if I am wrong; and (pardon me the presumption, so difficult, however, for any writer to suffer, of suggesting what you might write about) do so by devoting some space in the new book to your fundamental ideas on religion: not merely your ideas about the eccentricities, the grotesqueries, of religion: the Bible Belt bigotries, the Elmer Gantryisms, the prohibitionists, the Lost Angelites, in a word, the gargoyles of the cathedral; but the Thing itself.

For, as I said above, all your work in one way or another deals, in one of the most trenchant and arresting and influential of literary manners, with civilization and democracy and the modern mind; so, therefore, your new book will carry on that work. Indeed, significant and worth while literary work today, in America and throughout the world, is concerned with that work. And every writer, in one way or another, is confronted with the problem of religion. In particular—or so I presume to believe—he is confronted with the modern resurgence of the religion of the Catholic Church.

That Church (I speak now, of course, only so far as one item of that multitude greater than can be numbered which constitutes that Church may speak for it) is deeply concerned with those ideas and problems with which you deal. It would not, I think (and certainly I would not) agree with all your denunciations, and most certainly it would not (nor would I) agree with most of your denials. But that it, and all its intelligent and thoughtful members, see and recognize as enemies of a true civilization many of the same forces against which you fight so valiantly, is not, I believe, to be doubted: mammon-worship, ugly and gross materialism; hypocritical and selfish and dishonorable statesmen and politicians; vulgarity and mediocrity in life and art—these, and many like unto these, are indeed among the evils of our age; only, above the idols, always there is God.

In the Mass of today, the first collect: "Deus, qui nos in tantis periculis constitutos"—runs as follows: "O God, Who knowest that, placed as we are amid such great dangers, we cannot by reason of our human frailty stand: grant us health of mind and of body, that, by Thy help, we may overcome the things which we suffer for our sins."

Yes, we Catholics, my dear Mencken, more than a little agree with you; and some of us think you are doing a very useful work for the Church in certain points; and all of us who read you with any judgment and discrimination admire in you a devotion to many very noble things: freedom; truth, honesty, honor, courage, faith and beauty. Only we think that we poor, dusty humans cannot of ourselves alone, placed amid such great dangers, overcome those dangers or do away with all the evils, without religion—without a light for our mind that our mind of itself cannot generate or direct.

Writers who point out and denounce the evils of their times, even when they themselves suggest no remedies, cannot but help the unending work of the Church. Writers who fight for noble things always fight on the side of the angels. I think, my dear Mencken, that you are such a writer; so please accept my little prayer for your new book in the spirit in which it is intended, one of friendship.

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IONA, FOUNTAIN OF FAITH

By ELLA FRANCES LYNCH

OF ALL the famous old-world shrines to which tourists flock, the one least familiar to Americans, yet second only to Rome in ancient glory, is Iona. It is the treasure island of the North Atlantic, hard by the beautiful coast of Argyll.

Iona is little—a three-mile garden spot whose fertile soil yields earlier and more generously than other parts of Britain, and so was regarded as miraculous in the early days of faith. Yet its littleness was the concentration of all the spiritual and cultural traditions that lifted from barbarism to civilization the great body of central European peoples.

To this island, more than thirteen hundred years ago came Columba, or Columbkille, the great Irish saint and patron of learning. Leaving the shores of Ulster in 563, with twelve disciples, he landed upon Iona and built a monastery. From this quiet habitation these men and their successors went forth to Christianize the heathen Scots and English by preaching and example. From the rugged shores of Argyll they traveled afoot over the wild wastes, the pathless mountains, by lonely Caledonian lochs, and throughout the gloomy Hebrides, blazing roads through the spiritual wilderness, compelling into Christianity the very peoples who had forever defied the sword of Rome. And Columbkille was a pioneer not only of Christian teaching but of civilized living. He established more than a hundred institutions of learning in the British Isles. Of Iona he made a nursery of science, an asylum of religious life, a college of bishops, a fountain-head of all that is finest in modern culture.

Iona is now visited for the grandeur of its ruins and the graves of ancient kings. Created, seemingly, to keep alive for all time the poetry of high adventure, it is one of that galaxy of islands called the Hebrides, extending west and north from the sea-broken side of rugged Argyllshire far into the North Atlantic. Five hundred there are in all, if you count every islet that yields forage sufficient for one sheep. Their entire area is admittedly not known. Six hundred years ago a Highland chief of the Clan MacDonald reduced the whole group under his authority and took the title, "Lord of the Isles," furnishing material for Scott's romantic poem. By way of the Isles did the heroic Robert Bruce return from his winter's hiding in Ireland, and gathering to his standard brave Scots enough, including the Lord of the Isles, maintain the contest until at Bannockburn he once again met the English and sent them flying back into their own country. Throughout this whole region Prince Charlie found loyal friends while the Highlands and Islands were scoured by English and Hanoverian troops for his capture, and a reward of thirty thousand pounds was promised for him, dead or alive. He was helped by many, and many more knew where he was concealed, but be it said that no one was found so base as to betray his king.

Those were stirring centuries when Scotland and Ireland were one country, a great romantic arena for the deathless exploits of intrepid heroes, who stepped lightly from one kingdom to the other by way of the time-beaten islands and seal-haunted rocks. The Gaels in Scotland and Ireland were all one people, long ago; they spoke one language; they were of one blood; and the narrow strip of sea that divided them served not as a wall of separation, but rather as a highway. Thus, the Highlands and Islands were as much the home of the Celtic saints as their native Ireland, and in the Proper for Argyll and the Isles Diocese, the Office and Mass of over a dozen Celtic saints is said because they either lived or died in the Diocese. It was to Ireland—the Ultima Thule of ancientry—that the great apostle of Caledonia looked back from his mission overseas, "thinking long," as they say in Ulster, of his oak-grove in Derry. And in Ulster, in the fields of Downpatrick, is the one grave for Patrick, Brigid and Columbkille. The same Ossianic traditions, the same tales of Cuchullin, Fingal and Finn MacCool, may be picked up from the mouth of the people in many parts of Ireland and the Highlands at the present day, and the Irish spoken by the old men of northern Ireland is but few removes from Highland speech.

Geographically speaking, this story should begin with Oban, that picturesque capital of the Highlands on the Argyll coast whence so many good beginnings are made. From the encircling mountain the town slopes easily down to the beautiful land-locked bay. On a nearby crag stands the ivy-clad ruins of Dunolly Castle, an ancient fortress of the MacDougalls, Lords of Lorne, and still held by that family. Three miles farther is Dunstaffnage castle, a great stronghold in ancient times and for centuries the seat of Scottish monarchy. Within sight of the old castle is one of Scotia's vitrified forts, whose origin has been passionately disputed over by scientists, and within hearing is Connel Ferry, a stream of astonishing behavior. At low water its reefs lie partly bare, but between times the tides from the Firth of Lorne rush up this way into Loch Etive and then ramp back in a five-foot cataract.

A day's voyaging through the waters of the Firth of Lorne, the Sound of Mull and the Atlantic, reveals endless marvels combined with grandeur of scenery. Sea-water lochs running far inland; prodigious mountain ranges and huge isolated crags; ruined castles on overhanging cliffs—and every cliff and every crag grey with history. Famed Staffa, with the mighty dome of Fingal's cave; gemlike Iona; and on this rocky shore

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a great ship of the Armada was broken to bits in the gale which God sent, or so Elizabeth said, to save England. Rich trophies of that wreck—beautiful Spanish swords and hand-carved guns—have been dredged from the deep waters and treasured by Argyllshire Scots.

On Sunday morning we take our way to Saint Columba's, the cathedral for Argyll and the Isles, since Iona is now held by the Church of Scotland. It is a day of days; fresh little breezes and flooding sunshine; the waters of the bay gently stirring against the dark background of Kerrera Island, boats faintly swaying at anchor; sea-gulls everywhere.

In the cathedral one senses a vast relief that is for a moment indefinable, until he realizes the grateful absence of tourists' zealously questing minds and guide-books to determine whether the structure is Gothic or not Gothic. Even to my untutored eye it is unmistakably the rusty corrugated iron fabric known far and wide as "Bishop Martin's tin cathedral." Built provisionally over forty years ago against the day when the diocese might afford a worthy edifice, it has finally wasted down to the resistance of so much paper in the winter sprays of the North Atlantic. Though the altar is noble, the equipment is pitiful: window-frames set with little rectangular panes; rows of cane-seated chairs; a well-blacked stove; small pictures to represent the Stations of the Cross.

In these surroundings we meet His Lordship the Right Reverend Donald Martin, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, a leader in whom the hopes and instincts of his people seem to take form. Of tall and commanding presence, "a Scot, if ever Scot there were," with the lively ardor and simple faith of the early spiritual conquerors, one finds him as humble and unpretentious as he is gracious and sincere, a real shepherd of his poor scattered flock. Scotland as a whole is in desperate straits. With a people less plucky she would be a vast almshouse. Industries are dead. The chief hope of town-dwelling parents is to educate their children for export. In the Highlands and Islands, where the main source of revenue is the precarious fishing industry and a little boating in summer, poverty is awful and unconquerable. As an instance, the Bishop's weekly offering from 500 generous souls is reckoned in shillings, and in the island parishes it amounts to some three or four shillings a week. Nor do they get money from anywhere in an organized way. Neither the Bishop nor any of his priests seems to have a genius for high finance. In their churches they do not talk about money. They talk about God. They preach the gospel in language simple enough for a child to understand, but with an unadorned dignity and natural eloquence that drives straight to the heart.

But though the Highlanders seem almost forgotten in the distribution of this world's goods, they are proud of their rich inheritance of faith. Many of the islands and large tracts of the mainland resisted the Reformation altogether, and throughout all trials have remained Catholic to this day. Socialism, communism, modernism, are unknown words. Drunkenness is practically non-existent.

Indeed, contrary to popular notion, the Highlanders as a whole, are not a drinking people. One might say that their powerful weaknesses are strong tea and the bagpipes. They are bright-spirited and imaginative, speaking their native Gaelic with a wealth of verbal felicity that indicates surely a living and distinct culture. Like the Irish, they are incurable hero-worshippers, living and thinking much as they did in the days of bonnie Prince Charlie, of whom they speak as if they had bidden him goodby but yesterday. They are proud, too, with all the pride of a warlike and adventurous ancestry that runs back into the twilight of history in an untainted strain of blood. For centuries it has been remarked that they are wonderfully successful when they have a little education, and almost invariably rank high when they come in competition with others in colleges abroad. The children are delightful. They have fine natural intelligence, a great imagination and an open and free soul. They can recite the poetry of their poets, tell their own stories, and people the heather with myth. Theirs is an unspoiled world of high romance, where wild beauty blends with Christian piety, and deities still move among the children of men.

Yet this superiority of mind and spirit is not surprising when we reflect that their common speech is a language that had blossomed into poetry and eloquence centuries before the English language, even in its most archaic form, had been spoken. Gaelic is essentially the language of prayer, song, poetry, unsurpassed as a means of developing in children a constructive and humanizing imagination.

Bishop Martin's charge embraces not only a great stretch of the rugged mainland with its nearby islands, but also the outermost reach of the Hebrides: Barra, 100 miles by boat from Oban; North Uist, sixty more as the bee flies; a scattering diocese whose missions are difficult to reach in stress of weather and more difficult to get away from. The labors of ministering from the St. Lawrence to Philadelphia under colonial conditions might be comparable in arduousness, yet could scarcely be as savage and austere. In fine weather a day's voyage by open boat among the insular settlements is grand and impressive, but when the weather is rough it is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channels and the conflicting tides, as well as from the sudden gusts of wind which issue from the numerous mountain glens. Sometimes an island is cut off from all outside communication for six weeks at a time, with miles of angry water raging between it and any inhabited land. Not infrequently is the Bishop storm-bound for days in some fishing village.

Existence on these sea-girt spots appeals by its patriarchal simplicity. Time is what it was before the invention of clocks, a matter of sunrise and moonrise

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and high tide. The absence of trains and motors makes for a quiet and deliberative life; the stress of island conditions binds the people together. Lifelong combat with the elements makes for a certain power of resistance and self-preservation that lifts them above their surroundings, and a ruggedness of character conducive to great intellectual and moral capacity. Their whole hope is in the next world, for in the Isles life is a hard one, with want and poverty their lifelong companions.

South of Uist about four miles lies the small, treeless island of Eriskay. Not inaptly has it been called a gull's nest. It is little more than a stretch of barren rock exposed to the fury of the Atlantic gales. It has a population of about five hundred. Nearly all are fishermen, and all are Catholics save one. These people were driven to Eriskay from the bigger and better island of Uist not by any will of their own. The proprietor, MacDonald of Boisdale, did not see eye to eye with Father Wynn, a priest from Ireland doing missionary work in the Isles. Boisdale apostatized and went to extreme lengths to compel his tenantry to do likewise. The Chief on a Sunday met the people on their way to Mass and with a yellow walking-stick in his hand endeavored to drive them to the kirk. Well they knew that the price of disobedience would be the loss of their homes and crofts, yet one and all accepted this bitter alternative and with little but their sarks fled to the tiny island of Eriskay. For long the Chief's religion was known among them as the Faith of the Yellow Stick.

Not long ago the good and simple people of Eriskay undertook to build a chapel. Those who owned boats and nets promised one night's catch of fish toward the cost, and many and fervent were the prayers that it might be a record catch. And so it was. The total catch was the greatest known in a generation. One boat's crew handed their pastor fifty pounds as the proceeds of that single night's fishing.

In Ireland they have a stirring song, The West's Awake. Throughout Christendom the word has gone recently that the west of Scotland is again awake and that Argyll and the Isles are about to replace their cathedral of tin with one more enduring. Their chief resources for the undertaking are faith and courage, but seemingly this is enough, for the word had no sooner reached America than purses flew open, regardless of creedal divergence, the contributors including Catholic and Jew, Quaker, Anglican, Presbyterian, and the undeclared. This is fortunate for America. We need the humanizing touch with Iona, her simple faith, unworldly Christian spirit, candor of heart, even more than Iona needs our money. We need to be jogged out of the mechanized rut into which we have fallen, else we shall lose beyond regaining the constructive imagination which built our republic.

REALITY IN HISTORY

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

SOMETHING over a quarter of a century ago, while a very young newspaper reporter, the writer had the privilege of spending two full days going over the battlefield of Chickamauga with a former major-general who had been in command of a division of the Union army in that great battle. From that event in the life of a young man dates an entirely different view-point in his study of history. It is one thing to read the account of a battle coldly and scientifically set forth in a school history and another thing to partake, even vicariously, of the actual experience of men in such battle. Scientific history judges the battle of Chickamauga by its comparative importance and its results. A few lines in a school history dispose of it. But when one stands on a little knoll somewhat to the rear and right of the Union centre with a man who had stood there over a quarter of a century before in command of thousands of troops and all their engines of war; who had directed the movement of an army, facing the immediate problems of life and death, of victory and defeat, in a realization of responsibility which must be unthinkable to those who have not experienced it—when one stands thus, living over with him the struggle of mind against mind, coming to appreciate in a small way the thoughts of a leader of men in such circumstances, history becomes what it really is, a living over the past in the experience of other men. The little tin gods of history become human beings with all the faults, weaknesses, mistakes, cleverness and foolishness of other men. History becomes real because it becomes, vicariously though it may be, a part of our own experience.

The American people have refused to take at all seriously the campaign of Mayor Thompson of Chicago against what he has termed pro-British propaganda in the school histories of the United States. A campaign against King George, either the third or the fifth of that name, is a rather far-fetched issue in Chicago local or Illinois state politics, and certainly is not likely to reach national stature. Yet it has served to bring the subject to the attention of the people of the United States in a manner which will doubtless have good results. It comes as something of a shock that American school histories are charged with being pro-British for, until recently at least, they have always taught that King George III was a great tyrant, and his ministers little tyrants, with a due mixture of scoundrelism thrown in for good measure. They have

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always taught that the Mexican War was a war for humanity made necessary by a situation in Mexico which seems not to have been settled even yet. Our war with Spain was a war for the liberation of the oppressed, and all our other little wars have been necessary struggles for the advancement of the world and the cause of humanity.

Such things have been taught in this country and such things, turned exactly around, have been taught in Great Britain, Mexico and Spain. The history of the American Revolution, as taught in British schools, ignores the significance of events as we see them. They are regarded as largely if not entirely incidental to the great struggle between the nations of Europe for mastery among themselves, in which Great Britain lost its American colonies as one loses a pawn in a game. The history of Mexico's war with the United States, as taught in Mexican schools—when it is taught at all—is somewhat too lurid in its references to the United States to be printable outside of Mexico. Spanish school histories dealing with the war between Spain and the United States give the United States no credit for the high and holy motives which we assume actuated the people of this country in that short struggle. The fact is that there are always two sides to such history and it is probable that an exact, scientific account, not only of the events in such portions of history as involve more than one nation but of the underlying motives and causes of international differences, would be acceptable to none of the nations. No national record is so completely without flaw that the whole truth and nothing but the truth will not cause a little squirming now and then.

What is true of nations with respect to their views of their historical relations with other peoples is equally true of states, communities and even individuals. Few of us are able or anxious to see ourselves as others see us, and the pseudo-patriotic prejudice and chauvinism which so colors American school histories in international matters have their counterpart in sectional predilections. It seems that New England is still fighting the American Revolution, and American history in New England schools is largely devoted to the exposition of what New England did some hundred and fifty years ago. We are told that the southern states know and teach little other American history than that of the Civil War, and that this history is taught from the southern standpoint. The north central states also cannot forget the Civil War and the part they played in the extinction of slavery, while the far western states do not realize that there is much other American history than the conquest of the far West and the work of the pioneers.

Of course such history is really not history. It is largely provincial ignorance influenced by delusions of grandeur and tinged with partizanship. One can appreciate the position of the scientific and conscientious historian in the matter. Truth is truth, no matter whom it hurts. If a nation has been less completely right than it should have been, people ought to know it and avoid such untoward policies in the future. If the embattled farmers of the American Revolution were not altogether united against the tyrant, and were less heroic sometimes than national pride would have them, the truth ought to be told so that the real virtue and heroism of some may be better appreciated. In short, if the lessons of history are to be fully and properly appreciated, both sides of every question should be understood; the foibles and follies as well as the heroism or righteousness must be understood and there is no room for that commodity nowadays known as "bunk." Undoubtedly a better understanding among nations and improved prospects for international peace would result if this ideal could be attained. Doubtless a better judgment of men and events in our own country can be had if the full truth is told even though it involve a certain amount of debunking of national gods.

However there is something to be said in extenuation of a certain amount of emphasis upon the favorable points in national or sectional history and a glossing over of the seamy side of past events. Idealism is undoubtedly a powerful factor in the building of both national and individual character. No one can measure the power for good in American life represented by the saintlike pictures of men like Washington and Lincoln painted in the school histories of the land. It may well be that the mature and sophisticated among us know that both were quite human beings with the faults and virtues of the other men of their time. Some of us may even resent the sainthood ascribed to them and be repelled by the adulation so often paid them. But such pictures represent an ideal involuntarily formulated in the American national consciousness, a degree of perfection toward which all young America should strive. Such an ideal is an uplifting, constructive force in the formation of national character. It merits consideration.

Nor is the emphasis laid upon sectional ideas and accomplishments altogether without reason. Most of us, individuals and nations, learn only by personal or direct experience, and history becomes valuable to us largely in so far as it affects our personal lives, feelings and ambitions. The result is that we regard history as starting from the individual or from the nation of the present time and working outward and backward. All else may be forgotten, but the part that comes closest to our own experience or the experience of those with whom we are most closely in contact is the part that is remembered. Thus, while New England has a splendid Civil War record, its chief interest for generations has been in the men and events connected with the founding of the nation, because it had a more dominant part in that work. The southern states for generations have been dominated by the tragedy of slavery and the irrepressible conflict which it entailed, and by the terrible sacrifices forced upon the people of that part of the country by their struggle

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for a principle. The north central states, too, have been largely dominated since the Civil War by the memories of their part in that contest, while the people of the far West, immediate descendants—socially and economically at least—of the hardy spirits who have built up a nation within a nation, are too close to the events of the pioneer days to have a scientific perspective of such events. Of course all these various sectional predilections are unsound, and all history ought to be a balanced and impartial account of actual events, in proper proportion, with due regard for the interplay of social, economic and political factors scientifically determined. But a certain amount of romance must characterize it before it can become real. A certain amount of recognition of and emphasis upon local lore and local prepossessions must be allowed for in bringing an adequate practical knowledge of it to the American people.

The chief problem in teaching history seems to be to impart a realization that it has been made by ordinary human beings pursuing life and happiness as we pursue them today, facing the everyday problems we face, with much the same thoughts, desires, ambitions we entertain; in short, that we are dealing with things done by men which are concrete, practical and of direct interest to us in their influence upon our lives, rather than deeds of mythical personages controlled by forces utterly different from those which affect us.

It is in accordance with this general principle that it has been found that association with the practical operations of government enables students to visualize events in such a way as to give them real meaning. Modern methods of teaching history involve instruction in civil government and even a certain amount of economics, as well. It is for this reason that students of history in the various state capitals have been found to have an immense advantage. The constantly increasing number of pilgrimages to Washington, in particular, made by students of various high schools of other cities within reasonable distance of the capital, indicates how much this factor in imparting history and civil government is appreciated by educators. The presence of the government there with its constant of historical associations, the presence and practical work of Congress and the Executive Departments invoking the historical past, and the abundance of historical monuments, have a direct, practical and important influence upon the students.

Personal interest in history and especially an appreciation of the reality of history as a record of what common humanity, rather than traditional and mythical demi-gods, have done, may be stimulated in a similar way by contact with other historical landmarks. Much of the recent discussion of the need of better and more accurate instruction in history has been due to an increasing appreciation on the part of the average citizen of the importance of the study; an appreciation, the result, in turn, of the increase in the pilgrimages of the people of all sections to historical places. The part the ubiquitous automobile is playing in a better distribution of practical knowledge of the country as a whole, of its historical landmarks and monuments, has been far greater than might at first be deemed possible. The constantly increasing movement of American tourists to Europe each year has had, and is having, a similar important influence upon the historical knowledge and judgment of the American people in their relations with the rest of the world.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

By JULES-BOIS

IN OUR own day, just as in the century of Tertullian, when goats (at least we are so assured) answered questions that were put them by rapping their hooves against the ground, adventurous psychologists are telling us that certain animals are endowed with intellectual and telepathic faculties—that they really think, calculate and become, to a certain extent, lucid beings. Is there any ground for the story? In any case, the theory is no novelty. The black spaniels of Agrippa and of Faust seem to be its original exemplars. Not so long ago a great fuss was made over Eberfeld's horses. Maeterlinck helped to make these extractors—not of edible but of square roots—all the rage. Among other exhibitionists were Mannheim's dogs, who emulated Inaudi, the calculator, with their mathematical feats. One need not reckon up the parrakeets, the crows and magpies, the talking animals in The Arabian Nights, which are frankly in the category of fiction.

The fact of the matter is that animals are often less stupid than human beings. If they cannot express themselves in our language they have one of their own, which we are not always intelligent enough to understand. They also are creatures of God. Did not the gentle Saint Francis address them as "little brothers"? And these brothers are by no means always inferior to some specimens of humanity. They think after their fashion. The only difference is that our new "metaphysicists" and sorcerers up-to-date, insist that it shall be in our manner, which is, of course, an absurdity. What attachment, what devotion, do we not find in blind men's dogs and in the great Saint Bernards! It is true that the heart here is a rather near neighbor to the stomach. But are there not many of our own race of whom nothing better could be affirmed?

Many and many a lonely human existence would be a desperate affair without the affection of these dumb

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companions. All over the world, dog cemeteries testify to a tribute of memory paid these faithful and unpaid servants by their grateful owners. Nothing proves an advance in civilization so much as an added regard for animal feelings. An animal, left to himself, has a native dignity all his own. He is never envious nor vile nor frivolous nor a clown. He has his function, his character, sometimes a certain species of personality. In a word, he is "serious." The Easterners include among other moral duties toward animals the precept of nourishing and caring for them. An Indian, a man of erudition, thus put the case to me in Chicago:

"Would you could imitate their inimitable virtues! Man, cruel and narrow-minded, has but one desire: to slay them for his sport, or else to break them in to his service. When a chief rises to eminence in an Indian tribe, either through his wisdom, his valor, subtlety or air of destiny, he receives as his cognomen the name of some animal, while you civilized people insult your dogs by giving them the name of a man."

It is in Hindustan that the primitive bond between man and the dumb sharers of his pilgrimage seems never to have been broken. At Muttra I have seen native children and monkeys playing together on the roofs, and even rendering one another the mutual service of searching diligently for fleas. Naturally the Indies, being a pagan land, went to excesses of veneration as regrettable as the opposite excess. There are temples in the East dedicated to cows, apes, cobras and tortoises. In the old tale of Mahabharata, the hero, on the point of being admitted into the paradise of Indra, refuses because admission is refused his faithful dog on the pretext that he is of an unclean species. A miracle follows. The dog is transformed into the greatest—and, alas, the least familiar of deities here below—the God of Justice, because while men had been unjust to his master he has never failed in the great precept! The hero and his dog, divinities both, enter on an equal footing into the heavenly kingdom of the Hindus.

At this moment Paris possesses two ultra-intelligent dogs, or, to adopt (with a good pinch of salt) the current scientific phraseology, two super-dogs—"métachiens." One is called Zou. He answers questions and counts by patting the palm of his mistress's hand with his paw. The second, with whom I had the honor, the other night, of exchanging what might be called some ideas, is named Bim, and his instructor is Colonel Ladowski, of Warsaw. Bim is a big brindled bulldog, shapely and sleek, who barks, so it is insisted, intellectually!

Our first meeting was productive of a good deal of mutual sympathy. It took place in one of the anterooms of a scientific institute, where a reception had been given in his honor. He was accompanied by his master, a courteous gentleman from Warsaw. By means of a biscuit (the ritual consecrated to the humanizing of Cerberus in the infernal regions) I had no trouble in getting Bim to state, by means of carefully cadenced yaps, the number of gentleman and the number of ladies present. Like the good Pole he is, he answered a sonorous "yes" when I asked him if he loved America and France. When a roll was called of the scientists with whom he had been in touch, he manifested a marked preference for his host of the evening, not, I like to think, because he was anxious for a favorable report of the proceedings (Bim is too ingenuous for any such suspicion) but because his canine instinct led him to suspect that the excellent cakes came from him.

Colonel Ladowski put him through his mathematical paces. The learned bulldog showed some aptitude for multiplication, but where subtraction was in question, confined his operations to extracting lumps of sugar, and then only when permission was accorded him. His success showed no signs of turning his head. To the end of the proceedings he remained a good mixer, without the slightest trace of affectation in his perfect deportment.

In my own mind I am persuaded that he only attempts these difficult feats through love of his master. He has, in fact, a singular little whine with which he precedes each manifestation of his alleged "paranormal" faculties. The masterpiece of all his accomplishments is, of course, the precision shown in each answer, but we need not be over-impressed thereby. Animals have intelligence, but they never accomplish anything resembling intellectual operations except through training and what might be termed transmission of mechanical thought. Telepathy, in short, in their case is nothing more than a particularly acute sense of obedience. Toward the end of the evening, Bim gave every sign of having had enough. He stretched himself out on the carpet and pretended to be asleep, but with one eye half open in the direction of his master, as though to be sure he was satisfied. We left, quite enchanted with our interesting evening, and marveling not so much at the dog's abnormal faculties, as at his good manners. He had not committed a single social blunder.

The intelligence of beasts! Naturalists have good reason to be enthusiastic over it. When one remembers, for instance, that bees, ants and beavers have been able to resolve the entire social question among themselves by the exercise of an ingenuity positively prodigious, one feels humiliated at finding oneself here in Europe still oscillating between dictatorship and revolution, between empiricism and chaos. But it seems certain that if we want animals to coöperate with us we must use the method, not of intelligence but of affection. From this angle marvelous results have already been obtained.

Whatever contrary pretensions are put forth today, intellect remains a human prerogative. From a certain point of view we should only be belittling animals by encroaching upon their magnificent instincts and attempting to make of them a species of monster. Nothing really conclusive on the question of how much

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intellect animals possess has as yet been vouchsafed us. Serious doubt rests upon the famous horses of Eberfeld, so vaunted by Maeterlinck. Their calculating aptitudes disappeared unaccountably with a certain groom who had been allotted to them and who used them as a conjurer uses his instruments. The hardly less famous dogs of Mannheim were the product of good training pure and simple. Even in the case of Bim, when a screen was put between his master and himself, things did not go on half as well as before. It is true his trainer affirms that he is feeling the change to Paris keenly, and is not at the full pitch of his faculties. The real explanation is simpler and quite natural. Like all trained creatures, Bim follows even the sub-conscious movements of his master and never fails to interpret them aright. The slightest movement of the shoulder, even involuntary, is enough to make him start and stop in his count.

The so-called learned animals, in short, are really good beasts, adroit and docile to a remarkable extent, but devoid of any faculties not observed already. They differ only in degree from the animals which circuses display. They deserve our congratulations, but, a little, our pity. They have an air of feeling slightly out of their element. Indifferent to applause and to material profit, they "force" their faculties to gratify their masters. They are true friends or, rather, faithful servitors. For the beasts, make no doubt of it, are sensitive and sound at heart.

One good proof of this is an anecdote which was told me by a great foreign lady, who was anxious to have me appreciate the intelligence and good moral instincts of the monkey tribe. Before the war she was exhibiting her dogs in Paris, at the Cirque Molier, and professional psychologists have consecrated some moving pages to her pets.

At the home of this American lady, Cuban by birth, and on her splendid estate near Havana, lived a captive chimpanzee of formidable proportions. One day, his keeper having forgotten to latch his cage, the ape escaped. Threats and offers of various delicacies alike failed to induce his return. Astride a branch at the very top of a tree he mocked his jailers. Finally the lady, who was not ignorant of the affectionate disposition of these giants of the African jungle, conceived an idea.

Leaning on a window balcony, well within view of the fugitive, she began to cry and moan, passing her hands over her arms as though suffering from rough usage, and calling on the ape to come to her rescue. The chivalrous heart of the shaggy monster was unable to resist such an appeal. Forgetting every other consideration, he bounded from branch to branch, and swung himself to the balcony, ready to defend his distressed mistress. Conducted thence to his cage, he suffered himself to be locked up anew, the victim of a heart which was none the less sensitive and accessible to affection for beating there in the great body of a chimpanzee.

What are we to conclude from all this talk about animal intelligence? Mainly that any return to pagan concepts and outworn superstitions about animals is a thing to be deplored. Who knows whether the super-canines are not the thin end of a wedge which will finally lead us to admit of "sacred" animals, as in antique Egypt, where, to quote the words of Bossuet, everything was a god except God Himself. After believing a long time with Descartes (who, by the way, was quite mistaken) that animals are mere automata, it would be a worse absurdity to go and consider them as mediums or fortune-tellers. Let us keep away from the snare in which so-called "savants" would entangle us, who after refusing a soul to man, seem to take a malicious pleasure in conferring one upon the beasts.

Old Lady Cook

Old lady Cook was tough as an ox
Anl slyly cunning as a fox.
Past ninety-four and charity
Paid all her rent and doctor's fee;
Her food and milk the town gave free.

Some said a Home was better fit
To care for her but with her wit
She cleverly kept out of it.
Her courtesy to guests was such
It never lacked the gracious touch
Yet subtly showed that what they gave her
She could accept but as a favor.

Ingratitude, she always said,
Of every crime is at the head.
So when her weakness grew each day
She then prepared to give away
Her few belongings, "For you know
We empty come and empty go."

The rector's wife must have her table
Choicer far than silk or sable.
And the oilcloth, not so new,
But for the curate it would do.
She gave the rector at the last
The gold she'd hoarded through the past.
She'd scrimped it from her daily need
And held it with a miser's greed,
And now she gave it to the town
That thankfulness be her renown.
Ingratitude is at the head
Of every crime, she'd always said.

And then she closed her eyes and died
Her duty done, well satisfied.
But to the soul who'd cared for her
As slavey, constant comforter,
Who'd kept the patience of a saint
With every whim and sick complaint,
The soul to whom the town would be
Too soon dispensing charity,
To her, she gave not one lone thing
Unless her death was comforting.

HELEN DANFORTH PRUDDEN.

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THE PATRON SAINT OF THE KLAN

By GEORGE BARTON

IT IS not easy to trace the first pronounced anti-Catholic leader in the country discovered by the Catholic Columbus, but if the downright bigotry of the individual and the high station he occupied both be taken into consideration, we may safely conclude that Benedict Arnold is entitled to the distinction of being the patron—if not the patron saint—of the Ku Klux Klan.

His first publicly expressed hatred of the Catholic Church came when the Catholic service was attended for the second time by the officials of the new government. This historic event occurred in Saint Mary's Church, in Philadelphia, on July 4, 1779. It was arranged by M. Gerard, the minister from France, and was in honor of the recent successes of the American arms.

It was reported by the Pennsylvania Packet which states that at noon on the day in question the President and members of the Congress, with the chief magistrate of the city and other distinguished gentlemen and their ladies attended the old church on South Fourth Street. The event, we are told, was celebrated by "a well-adapted discourse, presented by the minister's chaplain and a Te Deum solemnly sung by a number of good voices, accompanied by the organ and other kinds of music." This highly interesting incident was reproduced as part of a pageant presented by the American Catholic Historical Society in 1926, illustrative of the service rendered by the Catholic Church and its members in promoting the success of the Revolution.

The French and Spanish residents of Philadelphia were greatly pleased with the success of this second Catholic service of thanksgiving, but it aroused the latent bitterness of the Tories and others of the kind who had brought their religious hatreds with them when they came to this country from England. There were mutterings here and there, and while these original Klansmen did not mask their faces, they did muffle their voices. The incident brought forth several bits of doggerel, one of the verses reading:

> O, brother, things are at a dreadful pass.
> Brother we sinned in going to the Mass;
> The Lord, who taught our fingers how to fight,
> For this denied to curb the tempest's might.

The first time the Congress attended Saint Mary's Church was when Monsieur Du Coudray, the eminent French engineer, was buried. He had come to this country to become the Inspector-General of the American army. After a brief stop in Philadelphia he proceeded to join Washington's army. While crossing the Schuylkill River at the Middle Ferry, the unfortunate man was drowned. We are told that "in honor of his services, and perhaps with the expectation of assistance from France, Congress resolved that he should be buried with the honors of war and that the members of that body should attend his funeral."

But when they went a third time, to hear a Mass in memory of Don Juan de Miralles, the acting Spanish minister, who was known as "the Spanish Agent," the flames of bigotry became more widespread. The bitter ones no doubt feared that the Congress might "go over to Rome in a body." They did not go that far, but the members did go to the church in a body. The Mass was said on May 8, 1780, and the order of the procession was: the bier covered with black cloth, Monsieur Lucerne, the French Resident, the Congress, the general officers and the citizens. But to get some idea of the agony of mind being suffered by certain of the Puritans read this extract taken from the account published by the Royal Gazette, of New York:

> When the procession arrived at the Roman Catholic chapel, the priest presented the holy water to M. Lucerne, who, after sprinkling himself, presented it to Mr. Huntington, the President of the Congress. The Calvinist paused a considerable time, near a minute, but at last his affection conquered all scruples of conscience, and he besprinkled and sanctified himself with all the adroitness of a veteran Catholic, when all his brethren of the Congress, without hesitation, followed the righteous example of their proselytized President.
>
> Before the company, which was extremely numerous, left the chapel curiosity induced some persons to uncover the bier, when they were highly enraged at finding the whole thing a sham—there being no corpse under the cloth—the body of the Spanish gentleman having been interred at Morristown. The bier was surrounded by wax candles, and every member of this egregious Congress, now reconciled to the popish communion, carried a taper in his hand.

If there is anything richer than this in the annals of bigotry we would have to go to the United States Senate to find it. What a realistic touch is given by the shrewd fellow who lifts the cloth only to find "the whole thing a sham"! We have here the forerunner of the modern patriot who searches the basement of Catholic Churches to find the guns which the Pope has had placed there in order to overthrow the American government. Ignorance and bigotry, of course, go hand in hand, and this snooper of the old days did not know that a cenotaph or empty casket had been a feature of memorial requiem Masses from time without end.

However this brings us to Benedict Arnold as the first Klansman, in spirit if not in fact. He had been getting along badly with his fellow-officers of the revolutionary army. In a physical way he had been

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brave enough, but he was filled with the notion that he had not been treated fairly in the matter of promotions. This was no doubt true; it has happened before and it will continue to the end of the chapter. But in any great cause the man who is worth his salt forgets such things, renders implicit obedience and is loyal to the end. Benedict Arnold, opinionated and considering himself better than other men, made the mistake of nursing his grievances.

Washington, who recognized what he had done, endeavored to placate him, and placed him in command of Philadelphia. It was there that he met and wooed and married the beautiful Peggy Shippen, the daughter of the then Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. He lived in extravagant fashion. He unquestionably lived beyond his means and there were whisperings of what we now call graft. As a consequence of this a number of charges were made against him by the state authorities, headed by Joseph Reed, president of the Executive Council. Some of these did not seem worthy of consideration, but two of them—that he courted the loyalists at the expense of the patriots, and that he used his position to make illegal purchases—were serious enough. A committee of the Congress investigated the charges, and except on two minor counts acquitted him, and advised the dismissal of the smaller ones.

Arnold was satisfied with the report and resigned his charge. But Reed protested that he had fresh evidence and asked that it be referred to a court martial. After much delay this was done and again Arnold was, in the main, acquitted. But the committee recommended that he be reprimanded on two of the counts and Washington, perhaps unwillingly, did this. The Commander-in-Chief was not only mild in his censure, but told Arnold that in the next campaign he would endeavor to give him a post.

But the seed of treason was at work in him. He talked with the loyalists and he conceived the idea of wrecking the Revolution with one stroke. With this in his mind he asked Washington to give him command of West Point, the key of the Hudson with its mass of military stores. He pleaded ill health as the reason for this request and Washington, still believing in him, granted it. The rest is history and need not be repeated in this brief summary of a spoiled life. After the attempted betrayal of his country Arnold escaped while the more gallant André was captured and executed.

It was after his great treason that the Klan sentiments which he had always nursed came to the surface. He issued an address to the officers and soldiers of the Continental army, urging them to desert and join the British forces. Even their last stake, religion, he represented to be in such danger as to have no other security than what depended upon the exertion of the mother country for their deliverance. In proof or illustration of this he tells the story of the Mass for Don Juan de Miralles at Saint Mary's Church which we have already mentioned. Hear these words of "the patriot who had become a traitor":

> Do you know that the eye which guides this pen lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in purgatory, and participating in the rites of a Church against whose anti-Christ corruption your pious ancestors would bear witness with their blood?

It is needless to say that this "appeal to bigotry" failed dismally. The former associates of Benedict Arnold were filled with unutterable disgust. His attempt to make traitors of them was adding insult to injury. Most of them were sorry that he had escaped the fate which befell poor André. Arnold participated in several engagements against the Americans, and after the surrender of Cornwallis sailed for England. He was well received by the king, but we are told:

> The Liberals there denounced him as bitterly as the Americans, and a large share even of the Tories distrusted a renegade and detested a betrayer of his trust. The officers in the British army despised a colonial as heartily as in Braddock's days, and therefore it was found impossible to give him the employment in the British army he eagerly coveted.

It has been well said that while the law provides punishment for treason, nothing it inflicts could be compared with the tortures endured by Benedict Arnold after he had taken the step which led to his disgrace. In England those whom he had tried to serve by his betrayal of his country held him at arm's length. We find him writing letters to Lord Cornwallis, asking that soldier to provide his son with a berth in the British army. On another occasion during a debate in the House of Lords, Lord Lauderdale in order to emphasize a point he was trying to make against the Duke of Richmond, exclaimed: "If apostasy can be made to justify promotion, the Duke is the most fit person for the post, General Arnold alone excepted." This led to a bloodless duel, but it was only one of the many humiliating experiences of the one-time American soldier.

There is no doubt that Arnold felt that the American cause was crumbling when he indulged in his attempted betrayal, but he was wrong and he lived to see his country triumphant. He had committed the kind of blunder which becomes a crime. It was the same thing with his hatred of the Catholic religion, and the crowning blow must have come when he read of how the Congress he detested so much had assembled in old Saint Mary's on May 4, 1781, to participate in a Mass of thanksgiving for the Yorktown victory.

Thoughts

Before my eyelids curve in silver rest,
My thoughts like sparrows harbored warm and deep,
Ruffle their feathers, preen their dusky breast,
Then put their heads beneath their wings and sleep.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

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POEMS

To Motor Cars

Will the day come when it means
Nothing to me?—these machines
Smooth and ominous as guns,
Running as the antelope runs,
Strong as elephants, by a touch
Spurred or curbed, and each with such
A leopard silence moving still?
Shall I lose that sense of will?
The iron heart-beats that must feed
This inexhaustible cry for speed?
Or forget how with the night
They seem to move on jets of light,
Meteor-smooth, bearing their loads
On the dark currents of the roads,
Facing each other with a stare
Of terrible brightness hard to bear?
Can I accept as commonplace
This effortless and steady pace
That draws the spirit from the narrow
Sheath of the flesh till like an arrow
It flees into abstraction—merged
With the machine, urging and urged,
Mastering and mastered, a thought of steel
With two hands dreaming on the wheel?

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH.

A Romancer in Thule

As a ghost out of the spectral North on wings
Of drifting whiteness comes the tranquil snow
Forever and forever, falling slow,
And hiding away the shapes and colors of things,
But bringing in its clouds of drowsy flakes
A multitude of legends, a host of dreams;
I hear the sound of a thousand solemn streams
Gliding like serpents through the haunted brakes.
From what wild swans, witched children of some king,
Whom the dwarf Lapland crone bemused with spells,
Floats this soft down in an unending flood?
From what pale rose, guarded by the elfin ring
Of the dark-blue, mysterious, glass-clear fells,
Do these wan petals star my solitude?

WILFRED CHILDE.

Winter Midnight

Snow-meadows in wide reaches,
Bare trees and sharp-etched boughs,
The leafless, shivering beeches
Deep-drifted round with snows;
The winter night stands listening
As star-strewn hours slip by,
The young moon's crescent, glistening,
Hangs in the violet sky.

MARY ATWATER TAYLOR.

The Crow's Nest

The pet crow cawed its anger from the eaves
When Jason and his wife went out to see
The nest of broken sticks and sodden leaves,
Upon the limb storm-twisted from the tree
Outside their bedroom window in the night.

"What's that inside?"
"Looks like a piece of lace."
And Jason pulled it out.
"Well, you are right."
A worried frown came on the woman's face.
She said, "That is the piece I said she took."
And Jason said, "Let's take a better look."
He pulled the sticks aside. "Just as I thought—
Blame does not always mean the thief is caught.
See, here's your wrist watch. . . . And that girl we had
Last summer from the Home got all the blame."
She said, "I blamed her. You were just as bad—
You said you wouldn't trust her when she came."

"Well, we were wrong."
"We have to make it right."

"I can't forget the look upon her face.
Poor little thing, she was so pinched and white
And cried so, being sent back in disgrace.
I'll write a letter. . . . Take it in tonight."

The pet crow, sensing danger in a look,
Flew from the eaves to find a safer nook.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

Assurance

Of my unanswered prayers this much I know,
Into the kindlier skies of God they go.
Who would have bluebirds frozen in the snow?

So, from my bounded North, my leafless wood,
To summers of His far infinitude,
I send my thoughts to range, to perch, to brood.

And though from that long bourne, so dear, so dim,
They come not back to my low apple-limb,
The eyes that watch for them are fixed on Him.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

Word-Weariness

Now have I tired of poems and of song:
Once I could weave unhappiness in rhyme
A word-net strong, to hold it for a time
And keep it from returning to my breast.
But song no more such consolation brings—
Pain is my guest, and words are futile things.

T. PAGE WRIGHT.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Salvation

THE theatre is a perpetual mystery and adventure, not only for constant playgoers, but for managers and authors as well. Here we have, for example, one of the first actresses of the day, Pauline Lord, with an excellent supporting cast, appearing in a play written by two experienced and successful playwrights, Sidney Howard and Charles MacArthur, produced and staged by none other than Arthur Hopkins with settings by the incomparable Robert Edmund Jones. Surely one has the right to expect something unusual and stirring from such a group of collaborators. Yet the curious law of the theatre seems to be that no amount of experience or combined judgment can, even nine times out of ten, bring forth something of true value. Certainly in this case, Salvation is a very feeble effort to draw from the inside of professional evangelism the sum of human emotions which must of necessity be in conflict behind the outward hysteria.

Unlike Bless You, Sister, a recent play on the same theme in which Alice Brady starred for a few days, Salvation is not all bitter satire. Bethany Jones is utterly sincere in her evangelistic efforts, and almost unbelievably unconscious of the use which her mother and her manager and her press agent are making of her. She is, at least, a soul in search of something, and when the great moment of her disillusionment comes, she gains from it a rather fine insight into the deeper truths of religion. To this extent, Salvation is an infinitely more important play than Bless You, Sister. It approaches the subject with some other view in mind than the mere exposing of the dollar background to professional preaching. It does try to peer into the hunger of human hearts for religious comfort, and it does attempt a psychological study of Bethany herself. But as a play it lacks the treatment necessary to capture universal interest. It is written in groping fashion about a groping character, and finds itself at the end in a distressing fog.

When Bethany Jones decides to marry Victor, the tenor whose voice helps to stir her nightly audiences, she keeps it a secret for a few days in order to have time to appeal to God for divine approval. With the naïve fanaticism of the untrained mind, she assumes that because distracting thoughts about Victor come to her during her prayers, this must indicate the approval she seeks. During these days of prayer her new husband sees her only at meal times, but as they have retired to her bungalow on the lake, a scandal has already been created. Her mother, her manager and her press agent force her to capitalize the scandal, and her husband, to Bethany's utter revulsion, weakly accepts the scheme. It is only when her press agent, brought for a moment to sincerity, makes her realize how many have become spiritually dependent on her, that she consents to go through with the plan. A great "rehabilitation meeting" is staged; Bethany makes more converts than ever; but no longer being inspired by the feeling that God is speaking through her, the whole meeting becomes to her mind a pretense and a sham. It is then that she discovers that other things than emotional appeals are necessary to bring the human soul to a higher state. But instead of turning this insight to account by facing the immediate problem of those about her—her mother and her husband—she turns from them both, and escapes into an unknown future.

I use the word "escapes" advisedly, because it is not only Bethany who escapes the realities of life by going away. The author likewise escapes. They have stated a problem, to wit, if evangelism is not the right road to a spiritual life, then how must one set about perfecting one's own life and the lives of near ones? But they have suggested no answer. For someone of Bethany's temperament, it would have been a task of heroism to give up preaching and to start on the path of greater discovery in the small limits of her home circle—with the man whom she married and still loves, with the mother whose hypocrisy she has discovered. If, as the authors would probably answer, that is simply not her character, then the comment on her action could well be put in the mouths of others. Great dramatists have a habit of letting you know, be it ever so subtly, that they understand the mistakes and the tragedies of their characters, often by the sheer firmness and stark austerity with which they handle the dramatic action. But Salvation merely flounders, and leaves you gasping at the unimportance of a series of outward actions which might have held some strong inner meaning.

And whether this feeling is harsh or not as regards the author's intentions, the fact remains that a play ending in a question mark, or in an unsolved state of mind, does not make palatable theatrical fare. The human mind craves certainty—even to the extent of the paradox that the doubter likes to feel certain of his doubt. It is asking too much, of course, that every play give the final solution of all the problems it raises, but audiences like to have at least rumors to help their imagination. If, as several observers seem to feel, the last act of this play goes to pieces, it is not, I am sure, because of the admitted monotony of Miss Lord's characterization, but rather because it leaves one without the slightest indication of how Bethany Jones is going to solve the problem which life and its disillusionments have laid at her door.

Miss Lord, as usual, has absorbed the character of Bethany to herself, omitting, however, many of the nervous mannerisms which have marred so much of her recent work. She has better repose than usual throughout, but the character is essentially a projection of Miss Lord's well-known stage personality and not a new creation for which Miss Lord's talent is merely the instrument. She is an actress with a true genius for conveying emotions, but with a very meagre ability to convey individual character. And this is a much more important distinction than one might think at first glance. We have a few actresses—Miss Helen Hayes is notable among them—who have acquired the art of becoming pure instruments through which characters utterly different from their own pour readily and with poignant clarity. They are the important artists of the theatre. The others have not learned to be free of themselves. And in this it would seem that the artist of the theatre is not far different from the artist in literature or sculpture or painting, or even from the artist in the spiritual life itself. Only the empty vessel can be filled with the clear wine of perfection. (At the Empire Theatre.)

La Gringa

HAMILTON MACFADDEN, a producer and director comparatively new to Broadway, though well known for his work with the Theatre Guild School and productions out of town, has sponsored and directed this play by Tom Cushing in which Claudette Colbert displays the beauties of a Mexican

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half-breed before the hardened eyes of New Bedford gossips in the year 1885. Somewhere between the writing and the final presentation of this play, something quite disastrous has happened. The story is inherently a pathetic and rather colorful little tragedy, not very original in plot or action, but capable of sympathetic and sensitive presentation. It is not written in that mood, however, and through over-emphasis of the farce-comedy in the staging, this core of worth while substance is almost completely lost. The play jumps from a melodramatic first act through all the contortions of anti-puritanical comedy in the second, to a weakly motivated and unconvincing tragedy in the third.

The story, taken in its best possibilities, is that of a Mexican girl of mixed parentage, Spanish father and Indian mother, left as an orphan in a Mexican convent. She cherishes an ambition to have the Spanish rather than the native instinct within her dominate. A sea captain, once a friend of her father's, who thinks she will inherit large properties in Spain, persuades her to marry him in order to escape from the confining influences of the convent and from the hovering menace of native customs which exert a strange fascination over her. This captain brings her to New Bedford as his bride, and at once leaves her to hunt up her supposed fortune in Spain. On his return, and after finding that the fortune was a myth, he also discovers that she has fallen in love with a local school teacher. What he does not know—local gossip having reached his ears first—is that for five months she has not seen the school teacher, hoping thereby to let her better instincts win out. The captain then discloses to her that their marriage in Mexico was a fake—a ruse to get her away until he had a chance to verify the story of the fortune in Spain—and not only refuses to marry her but tries to take her with him on a five-year cruise. At first she rushes to the school teacher to let him know that she is free to marry him. But someone warns her that, with the background of dark gossip, his marriage to her would mean abandoning his career and ruining his life. Rather than do this, she plans to return to Mexico and her convent, but the captain tries to compel her to go with him by force. In a frenzy she manages to poison him, and then flees on a boat that will take her back to Mexico.

Unfortunately, the first act is played like the opening of an Hawaiian melodrama, with the background of native tom-toms, and the flames of human sacrifice seen from a neighboring mountain top. Convent walls are scaled, and the abduction is carried on quite as if the good nuns would provide no protection for their pupils. The second act becomes a farce comedy of the colorful foreigner shocking all the good old stock of characters of a New England village. The last act falls to bits partly through the fault of the author in giving very flimsy reasons for the girl's sacrifice and for the poisoning of her husband, and partly through the effort to make this latter scene a wild orgy of emotion.

Aside from Claudette Colbert as the girl, and Marie Haynes as an amusing serving maid, the play is not particularly well cast. In the cases of Eva Condon and Clara Blandick as two of the New England characters, the fault lies largely in the direction. But Paul Wright, as the young schoolmaster, is about as wooden and unromantic and uninspiring of sacrifice as imagination permits. As a motive force for the ultimate tragedy, he is as powerful as a discharged storage battery. The whole strain of pulling the odd bits together falls on the lovely shoulders of Miss Colbert. She, at least, was well directed and brings her full and lustrous talent to a rather hopeless rescue. (At the Little Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Bunyan Bewildered

The Catholic Spirit in America, by George N. Shuster. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $3.00.

"NOW I saw in my dream, that at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing on what should be the reason, I espied before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them."

Exactly two hundred and fifty years have passed since the vigorous and picturesque Bunyan so admirably summed up the popular Protestant attitude toward the Catholic religion. Absurd as the picture is, it is still representative of the gaudy furniture of at least one chamber in the 100 percent American mind. It is, to be sure, a part of our Pilgrim-fathers' heritage, one of the embarrassing spiritual burdens which they have passed on to their descendants, together with their whole stock of indubitable virtues.

Those of us who have been brought up in God-fearing, if non-Catholic households and in secular public schools, well know how the terms "Catholic," "Rome" and "Popery" are widely used purely for their evocative effects, how they represent the emotions of fear, hatred and disgust, in mysterious and sinister connotations; how often their logical content is practically nil. We may also remember how a recent illness in the family of our Presbyterian President was in some quarters attributed to the evil thoughts and prayers of Papists! Still more recently we have listened to otherwise very amiable persons vowing that this country will most certainly go to the dogs of the Vatican if the admittedly pious and able Catholic governor of New York state should ever be permitted to set foot in the White House.

Mr. Smith, fortunately, has found plenty of able apologists, at least among sane non-Catholics. Nevertheless the controversy of which he is the centre brings forcibly to mind the necessity for a clear, sympathetic statement from within as to the entire and immediate content of the Catholics' arsenal, mental as well as physical. To preserve our balance, to offset the ever-present insidious atmosphere of Pilgrim's Progress, so serious because it represents the infection of reason by superstition, we need a popular, up-to-date, frankly Catholic review of the contemporary scene. We know that Bunyan's picture, for all its power and literary merit, is an hysterical untruth; we know that Catholics are as a rule no more grotesquely vicious than the rest of us; we know that their creed is Christian at least; we may even have found many of them both friendly and intelligent; we may even have heard that Mark Twain failed in business because he made the pathetic mistake of believing that Catholics would have to buy his Life of Pope Leo XIII under pain of mortal sin—but we need to be periodically and forcibly, and if possible entertainingly, reminded of these facts. Cardinal Newman provided a delightful model for such reminders in his penetrating and ironical Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics. But Newman, with his eyes so close to his own Victorian England, cannot sufficiently impress our present Calvinian United States.

In the consciousness of such a need Mr. Shuster has written his book. Doggedly uncompromising in his loyalty to the tenets of his Church, scholarly in his approach, genial in his attitude, witty and precise in his dialectic, he has produced a volume of considerable charm, and of still more considerable value, to laymen both within and without the fold of the faithful. Confident of a hearing, he has apparently laid all his cards upon the table, face up. Indeed he is over-confident when he writes, "Should the Catholic have a point of view to defend, he can get a hearing. Should he write a book—even a relatively apologetic book—he is likely to find as many sympathetic readers outside his communion as inside."

I should like to believe that, but I do not. Too many of us are, in our author's own words, "pompous little egoists, whose neckbands are their horizons." This book is obviously addressed only to the intelligent, to the few; the bigoted and unmagnanimous many will never open it—which is a pity. It is sad, because Mr. Shuster prudently strengthens his position by looking at errors within the Church with a fearless eye. He tells how he once heard a Catholic priest and professor declare that the Gospel is the recipe followed by successful shopkeepers, naming an estimable Jewish merchant as an example. And he admits that "occasional utterances by prelates and laymen may, of course, give rise to anxiety on the part of those who do not at all suspect how much talking is required to induce Catholics to accomplish even essential tasks. . . . But verily if the Church could induce all who have been baptized into her communion to do the elementary thing of going to the sacraments once a year, she would fancy that a kind of millennium had dawned."

Here, then, is good medicine for the faithful, and cause for unholy rejoicing among us outsiders. Fortified by such admissions, we find ourselves reading with some delight and sympathy Mr. Shuster's historical analysis of the journey of the American mind (here we find the Pilgrim's Progress in America!) his eloquent account of the contributions of the Catholic spirit to our national welfare, his logical exposition of the growth of prejudice against those "ignorant foreign Catholic" invasions of our native-born Protestant industrial communities. Many Catholics are ignorant foreigners, importunate, dissatisfied, Italian and Irish laborers; ignorant foreigners are an unsavory and disastrous element in a happy, prosperous, progressive town; therefore the Catholic Church is a social evil and a dangerous nuisance—so runs the absurd popular syllogism which is here sufficiently punctured.

Moreover our "literary Rotary," with Mr. Mencken as its imperial wizard, the competitive ideals of our success magazines, the sappish ambition of the uncouth to pose as learned and distinguished, nurtured by the Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book and correspondence school advertisements, and by Professors Van Doren and Canby's profitable book-of-the-month movement—all these imbecilities are shown by Mr. Shuster to be inconsistent with intelligent Catholicism. Intelligent Catholics, because they are both intelligent and Catholic, have been and are an exceedingly valuable cultural element among us.

Let me quickly add that if I accepted everything in this book, I should forthwith plead humbly for admission into the arms of the Church. But I believe in a progressive revelation and discovery of truth, in a continuous march of the spirit toward consciousness, an unbroken march, from the dawn of

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the world to the present moment. Holding that God has not yet spoken the final word—and that He still speaks—I cannot give over my spirit into the keeping of an institution which "during the two thousand years of its establishment . . . has never changed its mind about an old fact or principle of any fundamental significance." And I must vehemently protest against the suggestion that Protestantism may be called to task because Nietzsche "was the son of a Protestant divine and himself a professor." This is just the sort of logic that calls Catholicism to task because the assassin of President McKinley was a Catholic. I can hail with delight the broad statement that "It is the business of the Catholic faith to profess life as the cardinal principle of the soul, to nourish and safeguard that life and to interest as many men as possible in it." Other faiths subscribe to identical statements; and sometimes we may all join with both Mr. Shuster and Martin Luther himself in deploring the scattering of the churches brought on by the Reformation—or as our author insists on calling it, the Religious Revolution.

It is somewhat curious and maybe exhilarating, to one who has been accustomed to listen to intolerant pleas for tolerance from Protestants, to read a plea for tolerance from the Catholic angle—especially when the argument is presented as wisely and engagingly as Mr. Shuster presents it. It is good to watch the pendulum swing in the opposite direction. Most of us are nevertheless weary of this wasteful warfare of prejudice; we long for a fruitful equilibrium of mutual tolerance. Let nobody, therefore, accuse me of rejoicing smugly with Bunyan when he continues:

"So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet, at the sight of the Old Man that sat in the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spake to him, though he could not go after him, saying, 'You will never mend till more of you be burned.' But he held his peace, and set a good face on it, and so went by and catched no hurt."

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

The Old, Familiar Phrases

Forerunners of Saint Francis and Other Studies, by Ellen Scott Davison. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

IT IS a pity, for the memory of Ellen Scott Davison, that this book was ever published. It is not well edited, its title is misleading, its form is pretentious, and its contribution to history small indeed. To prove the first of these statements, the reader will only need to glance down the Latin titles of books in the bibliography and the dates set against them, or the Latin quotations in footnotes to be convinced that the editing is faulty. To prove the second, I think it sufficient merely to assert that it is absurd to speak pell-mell of every one who urged poverty on Christian folk as a forerunner of a Saint Francis. It is surely burlesquing the word "forerunner" to apply it so widely as that; every saint and almost every Christian since gospel times has seen the beauty and been moved by the ideals of poverty, in the life and teaching of Christ. This was no more to be seen in those whom Miss Ellen Scott Davison described as forerunners than in the Desert of the Thebaid of the letters of Saint Basil or in the sermons of Saint John Chrysostom. It is constant in Christendom. Saint Francis was a great deal more than merely one of these.

Again, the book seems pretentious in its assembling of authorities to prove points that no one disputes. Only a love of display would have weighted pages with footnotes to obscure volumes in defense of statements which could be found in any

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(Everyman's Library) $0.80.

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history text-book. Indeed, some passages are so much to be found in text-books, that any schoolboy would recognize them and be able to identify the books whence they have been lifted word for word, without acknowledgment, and then garnished with these incredible references.

Yet points that might have been reinforced are left in the air, without support. It is typical of the book that this posthumous volume edited to her memory by one friend, with a foreword by another, does not give the reader any clue as to when Miss Davison died, not a date of any sort to guide him to any knowledge of her or when she wrote. Were it not for references to the great war and quotations from recent publications, we would guess her date to have been in the early eighties, when the ordinary historian had little understanding of mediaeval life.

One point that could have been made, the connection between Saint Francis and the Humiliati, is left entirely alone. Instead, we are treated to the possibility of his having been a Waldensian, almost as absurd as Monsignor Reinach's desire to have us believe him a Buddhist. These are uncritical suggestions, trite and already disproved. But the scholarly tractates of Père Mandonnet dealing with these Humiliati, and showing them to have been definite forerunners of Saint Francis and to have erected the Tertius Ordo out of which his own Friars Minor evolved are not even mentioned—all the more to be regretted as their reading would have corrected some confusion in Miss Davison's account of the preaching allowed them and why it should have been allowed.

Moreover the book is far too biased to be worth considering solid history. Every papal, episcopal, priestly and orthodox thought, word or action is "suspect" to the authoress; everything that comes from the heretic is "evangelical," "apostolic," or "Christian." Thus—"It can never be argued that they, any of them [the Popes in their encouragement of celibacy] were prompted solely by the desire to extend the monastic ideal"; speaking of the almonries attached by Saint Norbert to his monasteries, she gives as the motive of their foundation, "it paid to be benevolent." "The inquisitors generally referred to them [the Cathari] as Manichean, because the sinister association of the word aroused the detestation of the orthodox and brought down on them the severest penalties of Church and state." It apparently did not occur to the authoress (was she responsible for these footnotes? we are not sure) that the inquisitors called them Manicheans for a much simpler reason, namely because they were Manicheans, or that if the association of the word was sinister to the orthodox was due to the Manicheans themselves. On the other hand, anyone in revolt is at once sure of Miss Davison's protection: "True Cathari the Apostolics may or may not have been, but evangelical Christians they undoubtedly were." Evangelical Christians? Miss Davison has already told us that they retained "the Ave Maria." In what sense then are they evangelical Christians? So again Arnold of Brescia secures nothing but praise from the authoress. She finds him to have "professed no anti-Catholic dogmas" yet declares that "his doctrine was censured, not his life," and that "he held peculiar views regarding baptism." Moreover sedition can be preached with impunity so long as it is against a ruler who is orthodox or clerical; it then becomes "primitive Christianity." This is not the work of a historian but of a pamphleteer.

The book shows a lack of understanding of the middle-ages Take these sentences: "Though seldom impugning the Faith itself, they [the Forerunners] often subjected the doctrinal fabric of the Church to severe attacks." What can these two statements, set in conjunction, possibly mean? Again note in this other quotation the words we have underlined: "Despite the turbulent infidelity of the times, religion debased though it was and shackled by the meticulousness of schoolmen and by the formalism and triviality of dogma, was never more vitally a part of life; yet on the other hand, never did the people feel more conscious of the inadequacy of its expression, of the need for some manifestation of faith that would give substance to the new dreams, the new idealism, the new generosity, the new daring. It is this *almost unintelligible aspiration* that Francis and his followers sought to answer in their enthusiasm for freedom of the spirit born of poverty." Consider the possibility of a historian venturing to write on the middle-ages who calls this aspiration almost unintelligible, and you will have little difficulty in guessing the spirit in which it is written. Hardly any of the old-fashioned gibes against the Church, you will suppose, are likely to be left in the dishonor in which historians of repute have now placed them. Up they all come. We hear of "buying off punishment for sin by elaborate donations to Church, saint or priest"; "the Son, though gentler than the Father and more human, the Virgin, ever tender to the poor, and the greater saints, could not be expected to interest themselves in the doings of the common people [note, the Virgin ever tender to the poor!] who craved those of their kind to live among them and to give them tangible reassurance of the terrors of day and night"; "the sale of Masses and absolutions"; "the remissions of sins after death," and the belief that the saints had "more power over mortals when dead than when living" (ibid: it is to be presumed, in spite of the atrocious grammar, that the "when dead," etc., is meant to qualify the "saints" and not "mortals"—in neither case, is there any possible meaning to be got out of the phrase compatible with Catholic teaching.)

These are samples of the "history" a reader may expect to find in these pages; yet Professor James I. Shotwell praises Miss Davison's "rare ability to think behind the barriers of time and place" and her work as "so informed with sympathetic understanding."

This book comes as a very great disappointment, for the recent historical work from the United States has won the admiration of European scholars for its careful, scientific and imaginative quality. We have been "spoiled" by American scholarship for any such a book as this from American hands.

BEDE JARRETT.

For the Man in the Street

This Generation: A History of Great Britain and Ireland. Volume I, 1900-1914. By Thomas Cox Meach. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

CONSIDERATION of this book raises an interesting question regarding the scope and purpose of what, for lack of a better name, is now often classified as the "new" manner in writing history. As practised by Mr. Strachey and our own Gamaliel Bradford, biography has definitely achieved the right to be entertaining. If newspaper reading can be classed as entertainment, history written in the manner adopted by Mr. Thomas Cox Meach may certainly be resorted to without any deliberate purpose of being improved or instructed. The author exhibits the faculty, invaluable to a journalist, of taking the viewpoint of that elusive being "the man in the street." Whether such unreflecting treatment of past events can qualify as history is another matter. Justin McCarthy wrote an enduring record of his own time, and Mark Sullivan

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is now engaged in what appears to be an equally successful experiment. This Generation may possibly, in a measure, at least, answer the same need for a somewhat different type of audience.

Even the chapter headings of Mr. Meach's book are reminiscent of the front page of any well-edited newspaper. If he fails to differentiate between what is significant and enduring and what is merely ephemeral, the retort may well be made that, in the eyes of a not inconsiderable portion of the world's population, the outcome of a great football match or prize fight may be as much a matter of history as the formation of the entente cordiale. We can well imagine that the tittle-tattle of that delectable diarist, Mr. Pepys, would have made but poor reading for a high-brow of his own time. Not that Mr. Meach has caught any of the charm of that wisely naïve classic. On the contrary there is often a somewhat ambitious pretension to the writing of memoirs that hardly accords with his original plan.

It is notably in the realm of parliamentary "history" that this book is likely to interest a generation other than the author's own. Mr. Meach does not hide his predilection for "verbatim reports," and his account of some recent Westminster battles are often enlivened by a strict adherence to this method. We are so frequently reminded of the shortcomings of our own legislators in the use of "parliamentary language" that as a sample of the "real thing," the following interchange of personal opinions is not unrefreshing: "Sir E. Carson: I wish to say that the observation of the honorable (sic) member is an infamous lie....The Speaker quelled the storm. He reminded Sir Edward Carson that the expression he had used was an improper one, however strong his feelings might be." Sir Edward, always parliamentarian, consented to withdraw "infamous lie" and to substitute therefor "wilful falsehood"—which, "under the rules," permitted the business of empire to be resumed. A few days later we find Mr. Churchill "repudiating a hellish suggestion" which has a rather fine old flavor, quickly dissipated however by a fresh Carsonian retort to another "honorable member" that the latter had "behaved like a cad."

Other flowers of parliamentary language, which, even torn from their context, sound strange to alien ears, may be taken at random: "Turn out the pothouse crowd," "Call the police," "liar," "rats." The climax, as the author points out, may be said to have been reached when, one Ronald MacNeil discharging "a missile" at the First Lord of the Admiralty, the weapon of offense employed by the irate gentleman was later discovered to be a "book of the Rules of the House."

W. P. Cresson.

An Entertaining Murder

The Bellamy Trial, by Frances Noyes Hart. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

IN OUR law colleges there are many who believe that classes in criminal law have proved a very real deterrent to that otherwise great American intercollegiate activity, yawning. They regard it as a safe assumption that the gaps and abysses offered up by jaded students before many a painstaking if painful professor of law, are fewer in those courses where discussion revolves around a "story," as it does in criminal law, rather than around the theory and argumentation of certain other branches of jurisprudence.

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and-So on Criminal Law, the spaces about the law library reading tables are less wide and less open than they might otherwise be.

So it does not seem unreasonable that the author of The Bellamy Trial, a very good mystery story (who whispered "as mystery stories go"?) has admitted to herself that what may interest law students may likewise appeal to the masses for the reason that law students are, after all, human beings. And if this seems a fantastic supposition, attention need merely be called to a certain current theatrical production whose drama is based on the application of criminal law toward the solution of a murder mystery—a production at present drawing packed audiences in New York.

With no implication intended, however, that play suggested book, or that book suggested play, the stories being totally different, the author of The Bellamy Trial has unwoven her tale (mystery stories are the only ones that are unwoven rather than woven) in a court room during a murder trial, and has decked it out with all—and perhaps a scrap too much of—the due order and procedure of our legal system. The application of the principles of law to the solution of the mysterious murder of a beautiful, flirtatious woman, the presentation of evidence pro and con pointing, true to tradition, to at least a dozen suspects, and a "love interest" only rather charmingly and rather humorously suggested, make the book very entertaining reading.

Madeleine Bellamy has been murdered in a deserted gardener's cottage on a large country estate. The law indicts her devoted husband and Sue Ives, the charming wife of her former sweetheart, and tries them jointly—motive, jealousy. The witness stand affords a chance for the introduction of all sorts of other suspects, most of them interesting personalities linked in some way with the crime, and leading one on in a baffling haze to what would be, to all readers except those of a naturally mean, suspicious nature, a "grand" surprise ending. To that distrustful, unpopular, I-told-you-so class just referred to, the slightly over-saccharized testimony of one witness is perhaps too revealing long before the time for revealment has come.

The summing-up of the prosecution and the defense, and the judge's charge to the jury, are masterpieces of reality, and, like reality in such things, infinitely too long. But the book is so full of spots of real humor that no reader should grow very cross over that. The cynical-minded might also remark that the story is realistic to the end, since at the conclusion of the trial no one is convicted, the murderer escapes punishment, and the bad, not the good, are rewarded.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

A Great Philologist

Autobiography of Joseph Scaliger, translated by George W. Robinson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE urbane Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences has produced an ideal short biography, though of a somewhat peculiar type. It consists of translations of Scaliger's own "matchless" five-page autobiography, of excerpts from his Leyden letters, of his will, and of the funeral orations by Baudius and Heinsius. Apart from Mr. Robinson's introduction and notes there is not a word of his own in the book, and yet his success in giving a picture of and arousing interest in his subject can be judged only by one who has himself attempted similar work. A biography the book is, despite the author's disclaimer; for it must inevitably give any reader with imagination a picture of the younger Scaliger which will live in his memory, a picture of a man tremendously erudite, full of the milk of human kindness, not much of a philosopher, given to sarcasm and a little to pride of the intellect.

It is true that for the details of the great philologist's life one must seek elsewhere. Joseph Justus Scaliger was the son of Julius Caesar Scaliger, whose chief claim to fame lies in a somewhat acrimonious controversy with Erasmus, in an inflated Latin style, and in a much-vaunted della Scala ancestry. Joseph was born at Agen, Guienne, in 1540; his early education was largely due to the efforts of his father; his later, almost completely to his own. He soon showed signs of that amazing power of retention which always distinguished his learning; he committed to memory all of Homer, and thereby learned Greek, in twenty-one days, a feat which it is assuredly fair to say has probably never been equaled upon our planet.

At about the age of twenty-six Joseph Scaliger quit the Catholic Church and joined the Reformed body; his reasons for doing this must remain largely conjectural, for he has left scant record of them. De Thou, a Catholic and a great admirer of Scaliger, as quoted in Mark Pattison's essay on Bernays's Life, states: "I solemnly affirm that I never heard this great man dispute on the controverted points of faith, and I am well assured that he never did discuss them, but upon provocation, and then reluctantly." It seems likely—with infinite sadness one must say it—that the external aspects of the Church in the France of Scaliger's day was what caused him to lose his faith; the sin must lie with the political prelates, the hypocritical politicians who called themselves Catholics and Christians, but lived pagan lives, and the dilettante scholars of a debased Italian culture. Scaliger was a man who cared little for philosophy—he had no interest in Plato or Aristotle—but he was kindly and intensely truthful; the accredited representatives of the Catholic Church violated both of his most cherished moral convictions, and he parted ways with that Church without pausing to inquire into her essence.

Scaliger's contributions to human thought were too great to be appreciated in his time. Besides being a textual critic of high merit, he set under weigh the modern conception of world history by placing on a single firm foundation the chronologies of antiquity. His reconstruction of the text of Eusebius's Chronicles, based on little but Saint Jerome's free translation, a rough eastern adaptation, and Scaliger's immense knowledge of Greek authors, proved amazingly sound when finally a real text was discovered. It is perhaps the greatest feat of criticism of all time.

Scaliger's last days were spent at the newly founded University of Leyden, where he became involved in controversy with the Jesuits. His character was attacked—a procedure which can be excused, if at all, only on the score of a too intense zeal. These attacks embittered his last days and ruined his reputation for centuries to follow.

It is a pity that no mention should be made of Joseph Scaliger in the Catholic Encyclopedia, while a column is devoted to his far less important father. To quote again the words of De Thou: "Independently of his religious opinions, were there not in Scaliger the most transcendent attainments of human erudition? And did not the singular endowments bestowed upon him by Heaven claim the veneration of all worthy men?"

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"This dipping into the night life is proving too much for me, Britannicus," remarked Angelicus wearily, "and I have been neglecting my Epictetus, favorite author of the late Mayor Gaynor, and my delightful Gracian, so beloved and advertised by our Vice-President Dawes. Last night Aunt Euphemia and her old school-friend, Lizzie Snitters, came into town for the first time in many years, and finding their old hotel, the Holland House, transformed into a bank and a glittering popular restaurant, telephoned me in helplessness to ask me where two elderly gentlewomen might procure suitable lodgings, as the Martha Washington Hotel was overcrowded and their home papers had told them stories of such dreadful happenings in all the other metropolitan hostelries. It seemed that they associated most of our prominent hotels with diamond robberies, fires, divorce cases, jazz dancing and food and drink poisonings, and neither Lizzie nor Aunt Euphemia would give approval to the various women's clubs that grace the metropolis.

"What was I to say, Britannicus? I called up Florry O'Flynn, mnager of the Hotel Montesquieu, and he promised them a room apiece with bath and sitting-room at the moderate rate of $40.00 a day, and I am sure he has not neglected to serve their coffee to them in bed this morning—which will give these old girls an appetizer to face their new life in our up-to-date maelstrom. I only hope that Lizzie will take off that black bedcap before Mademoiselle comes in with the coffee-tray. I can count on Euphemia and her lace cap—as, of course, she is one of the original Angelicuses—our neighbors, the Snitters, always have been persistently provincial in their home life, and flannel dressing-gowns have not been unknown around their tea-tables.

"After dinner, I dropped in to see them, and at half-past nine, although Lizzie was evidently loking forward to her nightly retirement, I suggested that she and Euphemia accompany me to the last section of the program at The Chanticleer movie house. The invitation, while it seemed to startle the ladies, coming from so assured a person as myself, was accepted gracefully by Aunt Euphemia, and we were soon in a taxicab dashing through side streets and halting in the traffic throngs on the Avenue, much to the ladies' excitement.

"Passing through a great lobby glittering with bronze paint and imitation onyxes, where a powerful organ was plowing, sotto voce, through Handel's Largo, one of Lizzie's favorite renditions on the old Sunday evenings in the home town, we were ushered into a vast auditorium by a band of splendid youths dangling with gold cords and blue-lined cloaks, whom Lizzie evidently regarded as court officials in some regal palace. There was a program by an orchestra and three more organs that went up and down on a sort of elevator; troops of stout choristers clothed in trailing cheese-cloth marched up and down stairways, where our old-fashioned boxes used to be located, chanting snatches from Lohengrin and Il Trovatore; a band of young women who had removed their stockings pranced wildly but in excellent order over the broad stage, while somebody operated red, blue and green lights upon their costumes of beads and powder; plantation singers rendered spirituals, balalaika players plunked measures for highly acrobatic Russians; and the news films showed President and Mrs. Coolidge in Havana and President Cosgrave entering the harbor of New York, their voices shouting through the radios, after which came the airship photographs of the roof tops and the

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fire department fighting conflagrations, and the artillery of Fort Meyer shooting off their inevitable cannon.

"It was a wild evening for Aunt Euphemia, who used her smelling-salts occasionally: sleep had fled from Lizzie's eyelids before the grand picture of the evening came on, showing a dark-eyed damsel in black velvet entertaining by force a clever second-story man, a lover of the old masters who has broken into her Washington Square mansion and who proves himself a gentleman, merely by stealing the portrait of the stately chatelaine whom he finally leaves when he discovers she is a 'good sport'—a scenario after the heart of Ouida and Bertha Clay.

"Britannicus, it was a magic evening. Hans Anderson and the fairy-story books never entranced a nursery with the glamour that came over Aunt Euphemia and her old school-friend. Their critical faculties were numbed; the most impossible situations met with instant acceptance. They were a darling pair of guests, I assure you. It was one o'clock in the morning when I gathered them up for the home taxi. Lizzie could not understand why all the lamps and street-signs were still ablaze; Aunt Euphemia knew in her stately omniscience that they never ceased to burn. Oh, Britannicus, if you and I could only come into the great White Way with souls so pure, and energies so unsapped as these amiable outlanders! Today they are getting ready for the opera; late afternoon will see them at tea at the Biltmore; and this evening at the dancing service of the Abyssian priestesses in the church of the Reverend Glumstone Smith in the Bowery. What a story they will have for the sewing-circles and literary clubs at home! I can see Lizzie's eyes wide as saucers, and the assumed tolerance of Aunt Euphemia as she gives the details, and I shall always hear her lovely voice, which, when I asked her how she was impressed, sweetly replied: 'It was all quite charming, Nephew Angelicus, only you did not remember that it was Sunday evening!' "

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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